

FAILURE

by Kool Killer

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Summary: Lieutenant Gorden Bookduh is captured by the elites and used in an experiment. One elite, Sael Yersenee plans to turn Gorden into a killing machine. Will Sael succeed, or will Gorden's son be able to save him, and what little humanity he has left?

1. Chapter 1

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Life was wonderful for Gorden Bookduh. Gorden had everything he could ask for, and more. He was blessed with a gorgeous wife and an adoring son. Gorden met Samantha when he was on leave from the SilverSides, a destroyer he was stationed on. Soon after that, Gorden and Samantha were married. Nine months later, Samantha gave birth to a healthy baby boy; Gorden and Samantha named the infant, Austin. Gorden worked on and off the SilverSides, visiting his wife and son whenever possible. As the years went by Austin had gotten bigger and was now seven years old. Gorden had gained permission to leave the SilverSides to be there for Austin's seventh birthday.

EARTH, WASHINGTON 8/2/2540 5:21pm

The sun started to set on Gorden and Austin as they fished at Carlana Lake. They had stayed out there since noon, and hadn't even got a nibble, until. The fishing pole Austin was holding jerked slightly as he rewound the reel.

"I've got one!" Austin yelled over to his father. Gorden set his pole down and ran over to his son with excitement.

"All right, now get that sucker out of the water," Gorden commanded as he motioned for Austin to continue winding his reel. The fish could now be seen coming up through the water. "It looks like it's

going to be a big one," Gorden stated, causing a huge smile to spread across Austin's mouth. Austin, with one last tug on his reel, sent the fish flying out of the water. Both Gorden and Austin were stunned at what they saw. What was thought to be a fish was actually just a water logged boot. "Look at that, you just caught a boot fish!" Gorden exclaimed as he began to laugh.

"Boot fish?" Austin questioned as he shot a funny look at Gorden. Gorden removed the boot from the reel line and threw it back into the water.

"Oh well, maybe next time we will get one," Gorden said as he scoped Austin up into his right arm. Gorden used his free hand to grab both fishing poles. Gorden, with Austin in hand, started to walk back to his house. Gorden looked at his son as he walked down the road. He really does look just like me, Gorden thought to himself, as his son looked up at him, with big green eyes.

"What do you think Mom's making for dinner?" Austin asked Gorden as his stomach barked at him.

"Maybe it will be bacon and cheesy potato soup," Gorden answered, thinking of all the great food Samantha had made over the last seven years. "You know your Mother always cooks up tasty meals," Gorden explained as he gave Austin a loving squeeze. Before long, Austin and Gorden reached their house. Samantha was sitting on the porch and waving at them as she smiled.

"Mom, Mom!" Austin yelled wanting to tell her of their fishing experience. Austin began to struggle in Gorden's right arm and managed to slip away. Austin ran up to Samantha and gave her a big hug.

"Did you catch anything dear," Samantha asked in a soft voice.

"We caught a boot fish, but dad let it go," Austin explained.

"Well it's good your father threw it back, it probably would not have tasted too good," Samantha laughed as she looked over at Gorden, who was still holding the fishing poles.

"It put up a real fight too," Gorden exaggerated as he set both the fishing poles down.

"Dinner is ready," Samantha announced as she waved at both the boys signaling them to come inside. Austin was in the house in a heartbeat. Gorden walked up to Samantha and asked her in a mid-evil voice.

"What has thine winch prepared for dinner," Gorden smiled at Samantha as he gave her a hug.

"Something special for thy king," Samantha played along with Gorden, returning a kiss for a hug.

"Let us attend the banquet," Gorden ordered as he walked Samantha into the house and closed the door. Gorden and Samantha walked into the dining room and sat down at the table. Austin had already beaten them there. Samantha stood and removed a sheet of tin foil covering a platter to reveal, a savory chicken. Then Samantha removed the lids

on different pots revealing even more side dishes. There was sweet corn, macaroni and cheese, buttermilk biscuits, coleslaw, mashed potatoes and gravy, all this food looked absolutely delicious. Samantha started dishing up two plates for Gorden and Austin, before getting to hers.

"I bet you they don't have food this good in the covenant," Gorden said complementing Samantha's feast. Samantha nodded and looked over at her son and asked.

"How is your food Austin,"

"It's great," Austin said with his mouth full of macaroni. The family continued their meal laughing and joking until they had finished. Samantha looked at Gorden's and Austin's empty plates, satisfied with her cooking.

"All right Austin, it's time to go to bed," Samantha told him as she looked at the clock which read 8:01.

"Could I stay up a little longer," Austin asked as he held his index finger half an inch above his thumb.

"I'm sorry sweetie, but you have school tomorrow; now go and brush your teeth," Samantha ordered as she pointed to the bathroom.

"Yes ma'am," Austin said in defeat as he walked into the bathroom and closed the door. Samantha got up from the table and began to clean up. Gorden got up from the table, walked into the kitchen and asked Samantha if she needed any help cleaning up.

"Do you need any help?"

"I can take care of this, why don't you put Austin to bed," Samantha said as she started setting dishes into the sink. Gorden walked out of the kitchen and started to head down the hallway towards Austin's room. The bathroom light was still on, a hint that Austin hadn't left yet. Gorden quickly made his way into Austin's room and hid behind the door.

Austin had finished brushing his teeth, rinsed, and spit the water into the sink. Austin wiped his mouth and smiled in the mirror before turning off the light and leaving the bathroom. As Austin was walking down the hallway he looked at different family picture's that had been placed on the wall. Austin stopped and stared at one of the picture's, where he was dressed up with his Father like soldiers. Austin grinned, and continued to walk down the hallway to his room; unaware of the danger that lurked behind his door. Austin entered his room and started to get into his bed when he heard a deep voice boom from behind him.

"You will make a most tasty snack!" Gorden said loudly, imitating an elite. Austin gave out a startled yelp as Gorden grabbed him and lifted him into the air.

"No please, I don't even taste good," Austin pleaded trying not to laugh.

"Ah, you might not taste good, but the food in your belly does," Gorden said as he tossed Austin onto his bed. Austin bounced as he

hit the bed, laughing as he flew up into the air. Gorden sat down next to Austin and held him down as he tickled him.

"Stop, please," Austin begged as he struggled against Gorden. Gorden ceased his attack upon his son and pulled a blanket over him. Austin yanked the blanket off himself, sat up, and looked at his Father with a sad expression. "Do you really have to leave tomorrow?" Austin asked as tears began to well up in his eyes. Gorden grabbed Austin with both hands and pulled him close into an embrace.

"I do, but I will only be gone for three months, and after that my service will be up; and I can stay here with you and your mother indefinitely.

"What does indefinitely mean?" Austin questioned Gorden as he tilted his head.

"It means I will be here forever," Austin smiled and wiped the tears from his eyes before hugging Gorden. "While I am away, it is going to be up to you," Gorden said as he pointed a finger at Austin. "To look after your mother,"

"Yes sir!" Austin responded as he tried to make his voice sound like a marines.

"Sir?" Gorden questioned as he eyed Austin suspiciously.

"I mean, Yes Lieutenant!" Austin corrected himself as he saluted.

"There you go," Gorden complemented as he laid Austin back into his bed and pulled the covers over him. "I love you will all my heart, Austin," Gorden said as he leaned over and kissed his son on the forehead.

"I love you too, Dad," Austin replied softly as he began to fall asleep. Little did Austin know this would be the last time he saw his Father, for a very long time. Gorden stood up and watched his son a few moments before turning to leave. Samantha had watched Gorden and Austin the whole time smiling. Gorden walked towards Samantha and out of Austin's room, quietly closing the door behind him. Gorden turned and faced Samantha as he leaned in and kissed her.

"Now it's time for us to go to bed," Samantha whispered as she slowly walked down the hallway swinging her butt from side to side. Samantha stopped at their bedroom doorway and looked back at Gorden seductively as she ran her slender fingers up her thigh.

Gorden wasted no time getting to the bedroom to be with his wife. Gorden walked into the bedroom and closed the door behind him. He tuned and faced Samantha, who jumped on him kissing and running her hands up and down Gorden's back. Gorden and Samantha began to undress themselves as they climbed into bed with haste. Gorden laid there looking into Samantha's hazel eyes as he blew her a kiss. Samantha turned her head and crossed her arm's as if she had lost interest in him. Gorden saw this and frowned, then he quickly grabbed her and pulled Samantha into his warm arms. Samantha let out a startled laugh as Gorden began kissing up and down her soft warm neck. Gorden gently inserted his member into Samantha as they began to do their thing. Both Gorden and Samantha breathed more and more heavily as they

neared their climax. The two love birds gasped, as they both came in pure pleasure. Gorden and Samantha began breathing more softly as they had finished. They both laid there still holding each other as they fell into a peaceful sleep.

2. Chapter 2

FAILURE

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EARTH, WASHINGTON 8/3/2540 5:13am

Samantha ran her fingers through Gorden's golden brown hair while she whispered to him.

"Gorden, my love, it's time to wake up,"

"Hmmm," Gorden responded as he was awakened by Samantha's soft voice. Gorden smiled at Samantha and brushed a strand of light brown hair back behind her ear.

"Did you sleep well?" Samantha asked, kissing Gorden tenderly.

"I always sleep good with you, Gorden said, pulling Samantha into his strong arms.

"You will have to leave soon, go and shower while I prepare your morning meal," Samantha broke out of Gorden's embrace and left the bedroom. Gorden questioned himself having heard what Samantha said; wouldn't it have been easier just to say breakfast?

Gorden let out a sigh; he moved to the side of the bed and stood up. Gorden yawned and stretched his arms as he staggered to the bathroom, still half asleep. Gorden entered the bathroom, turned on the lights and closed the door. Gorden rubbed his eyes and stared bleakly into the mirror. Today is going to be a good day, Gorden lied to himself. He picked up his tooth brush, applied the toothpaste, and started to clean his teeth. When Gorden was finished with brushing his teeth he stepped into the shower with haste.

"Wow, it's really cold in here," Gorden uttered out loud, turning on the water to the shower. At first, cold water came out, causing Gorden to tense up and step back. Then the water became more welcoming as it got warmer. Gorden entered the stream of hot water and was enveloped with warmth. He smiled as the water danced across his shoulder's, taking all his troubles away. Gorden grabbed a bar of soap and started to wash his body. The soap had fresh crisp lavender smell to it. Gorden finished showering, stepped out and dried himself off with a towel. Gorden closed the shower door felling clean and refreshed. Suddenly, the air in the bathroom became very cold. Gorden then got the feeling that he was being watched. Gorden cringed when he heard a deep voice call to him.

"Gorden," the voice echoed throughout the bathroom.

Gorden looked at the bathroom mirror; the sound came from the mirror itself. Gorden stared at the mirror and he could tell the reflection wasn't right. Steam covered the mirror and the outline of the image

was much bigger than his. Gorden cautiously approached the mirror and stopped at the sink. Gorden prepared to wipe the steam from the mirror but stopped. Gorden wasn't sure he wanted to see what was on the other side. Gorden collected himself and quickly wiped the steam from the mirror. Gorden jumped back and shouted in fright when he saw a huge black elite staring back at him with large green eyes. The elite seemed to be just as frightened as he was; which was pretty odd, since elites are not afraid of humans. Gorden stood deathly still as he stared at the elite. The elite did the same, not moving a muscle.

Gorden shuddered as an icy feeling quickly shot up through his legs and spread out to the rest of his body. Gorden looked down at his feet and gasped. There were two toed hooves where his feet should be. Gorden checked his body over frantically and with terror he realized that, the reflection in the mirror was his.

"Nooooooooo!" Gorden yelled, taken back by how deep his voice sounded. Gorden looked back into the mirror and took a deep breath, his mandibles moving as he did so. Gorden whipped around in panic when the bathroom door flew open. An elite female rushed in and ran right up to him.

"Gorden my love! What is wrong?" the female questioned, placing a small clawed hand on the side of his face. Gorden studied the elite that stood before him, staring into her hazel eyes.

"Samantha?" Gorden breathed out.

"Yes, my mate," Samantha replied lovingly. She nipped at his neck, taking in his sweet sent.

"No, no this is not real, it's just a dream," Gorden rationalized, taking a step back. Samantha stepped forward and pressed her head against his.

"Is this, not real," She cooed to him as she locked her mandibles into his, in a breathtaking kiss. Gorden was speechless as Samantha wrapped her long arms around his waist and buried her head into his chest. Warmth radiated between the two as they came closer together. Maybe this dream isn't so bad, Gorden thought to himself. Gorden leaned his long neck over Samantha's shoulder and started to rub her back with his large hands. She started to purr as he continued to massage her back. Samantha broke away from Gorden's grasp and brought her head to his, staring deeply into his eyes. "Gorden?" Samantha questioned, shaking his shoulder.

"Yes, Samantha," Gorden replied, nuzzling her affectionately.

"It's time to wake up," Samantha said, fading right before Gorden's eyes.

"Wait!" Gorden gasped, shooting up in bed. Gorden felt smooth hands wrap around his body which startled him slightly.

"Gorden, it's okay, you just had a bad dream," Samantha explained, which calmed him down.

"Oh wow," Gorden sighed, grabbing Samantha and pulling her close. The two held each other tightly, their heads were pressed together.

Gorden had that nightmare every time he would try to sleep since he had got back. This time however, the dream was different from the rest. Samantha had never been in the dream before.

"Gorden, are you alright?" Samantha lifted Gorden's head up and looked at him with concern.

"Yes Samantha, I was just thinking," Gorden replied, taking her hands in his, squeezing them lightly.

"It's five twenty five, you have to leave in forty minutes, go and take a shower while I make you breakfast. Samantha started to climb out of bed but she was stopped by Gorden.

"Samantha, I can skip breakfast, why don't we shower together," Gorden smirked and nodded toward the bathroom. Gorden didn't want a repeat of the dream he had just woke up from.

"Yes lieutenant," Samantha exclaimed. Samantha got out of bed and walked into the bathroom. Gorden chuckled to himself, following Samantha in the bathroom. Samantha was already turning on the water and adjusting the temperature. Gorden closed the door behind him and walked to the sink. He stared into the mirror; the reflection was normal and revealed nothing odd. With that, Gorden turned and looked at the shower. Samantha had the shower door open letting steam flow past her. She stepped back and beckoned Gorden to enter. Gorden walked across the cold tile floor and stepped into the shower. Gorden closed the shower door and was surrounded by warm steam. The water coming out of the shower head was very warm. Gorden stood close to Samantha and smiled, she smiled back. Both Gorden and Samantha began to wash themselves with soap. Gorden grabbed a shampoo bottle and squeezed some out onto his hand. Gorden rubbed his hands together, and then he ran them through Samantha's hair. Gorden played with her hair as he worked the shampoo in. Samantha in turn, began to mess with Gorden's hair. Gorden brought his head down lower so Samantha could toy with his hair more easily. Gorden always liked it when Samantha would play with his hair; it was very relaxing for him. Every time she would run her slender fingers through his hair, it would bring a tingling sensation throughout his scalp. Both the lovers pressed up against each other and let the welcoming water rinse all their worries away. Gorden and Samantha exited the shower feeling revitalized and alert, ready for whatever the day might bring.

Gorden closed the shower door and wrapped a towel around his waist. Gorden turned and slowly faced the mirror. From where Gorden was standing everything seemed to be normal, but he had to be sure. Gorden carefully approached the mirror and wiped the steam away. To his relief, the reflection was his and that monstrous elite was nowhere in sight. Samantha walked over to Gorden, grabbed him and leaned her head next to his shoulder.

"I'm going to get your uniform ready, uh, you might want to shave," Samantha smiled, running her hand over Gorden's cheeks.

"Yeah, I'm starting to look like a flea ridden brute," Gorden joked, brushing his fingers over his chin.

"Don't be that hard on yourself," Samantha laughed, before leaving the bathroom. Gorden grabbed his can of shaving cream and lathered

his chin and cheeks up. Then Gorden got his trusty razor blade out and started to shave.

Samantha left the bathroom and walked over to the dresser. She opened both doors of the dresser, grabbed her nightgown and slipped it on. Then Samantha got Gorden's uniform out and laid it neatly on the bed. Samantha really liked the uniform Gorden would wear while he was on duty. The uniform is an olive green color, with black boots and a black under shirt. The insignia of a lieutenant was clipped onto both sides of the collar and on the hat as well. Samantha admired the uniform while she walked to the right side of the bed and grabbed Gorden's handgun. She also got his holster out and slipped the handgun into it. The model of the handgun is a glock forty five Auto Chambering Pistol or ACP. Gorden liked to use glazed hollow point rounds, since the chances of the bullet going through your target and killing a bystander was very slim. Samantha laid the firearm down on the bed with distaste. Samantha has always disliked handguns, since the only real purpose they serve, is for murdering others. But, Samantha also knew that they were required while serving in any branch of the UNSC.

Samantha looked at the clock and sighed; only thirteen minutes left and Gorden would leave and be gone for a very long time, well, long enough anyway. Samantha left the bedroom and walked down the hallway, stopping at Austin's door. She quietly opened the door and peaked in. Austin was sound asleep, with a small smile creasing up from his lips. Samantha closed the door quietly and continued to walk down the hallway. Samantha walked past the living room and headed into the kitchen. She opened the refrigerator and got out some ham and cheese. Samantha grabbed two pieces of bread and started to make Gorden a sandwich for lunch later.

Gorden finished shaving, washed his face, and left the bathroom. Gorden's uniform was laid out neatly on the bed. Next to it was his custom handgun with all the works. Gorden put on his black shirt and underwear before getting into his uniform. Gorden pulled his black socks on and tucked his pants down around his ankles. Next he slipped on his black boots and tied them tightly. Gorden stood up and ran his black belt through his holster and fastened it on. Gorden pulled his handgun out of the holster and inspected the thirteen round magazine before sliding it back into his handgun. Sure this forty five might not pack the same amount of a punch as the standard issued M6C magnum. But the forty five bullet was slightly bigger, and there was no doubt that this round would make an elite do a backflip. Gorden smiled at his glock before putting it into his holster and securing it with the Velcro strap. Gorden snagged his hat and put it on firmly. Gorden left the bedroom and started to walk down the hallway. Gorden stopped at Austin's door and opened it carefully. Gorden peered in and saw Austin sleeping peacefully with a blanket snugly covering him. Gorden closed the door softly and walked down the rest of the hallway. Gorden entered the living room and noticed Samantha doing something in the kitchen. Gorden smirked mischievously and crouched while he advanced towards the kitchen. The carpet in the living room softened his foot steeps as he neared Samantha. When Gorden set foot in the kitchen, his boots made a clunking sound as they hit the kitchen tile.

"I know your trying to sneak up on me, Gorden," Samantha said, not turning around to face him. Gorden stood up out of his crouched position and walked casually over to Samantha. Gorden wrapped his

arms around Samantha's soft waist as he looked over her shoulder.

"Oh, you're making a lunch, for me, how thoughtful," Gorden kissed Samantha on the cheek before letting her go.

"I hope you like stale bread with moldy ham and cheese,' Samantha joked, putting the sandwich in a bag and closing it.

"Lunch spoils, my favorite," Gorden replied while he chuckled. Samantha turned and walked past Gorden, setting the lunch on the kitchen table. Gorden walked over to Samantha and stood behind her. "It's time for me to leave," Gorden said it in a sad tone. Samantha whipped around and embraced Gorden tightly; pressing her head against his warm chest, trying to hold back tears.

"I'm going to miss you, Gorden," Samantha paused, lifted her head from his chest and stared deeply into his brilliant green eyes. "YOU COME BACK SAFE TO ME,"

"I will, I promise," Gorden brought his lips to hers in a kiss that seemed to last an eternity. Gorden broke away from the kiss and grabbed his lunch as he walked to the front door.

"Call me tonight," Samantha spoke in a shallow voice.

"I'll call you tonight, don't worry about me, I will be fine," Gorden winked at Samantha before opening the door and leaving. When the door closed, Samantha broke out into tears. Samantha had always heard horror stories of men that leave their family's to do their duties; a lot of them never came back. The thought of seeing Gordens' grave and having Austin with her sobbing as he held her, made Samantha cry even harder. Gorden always came back every time he said he would, and he would come back this time to, just like he said, Samantha thought to herself. Soon Samantha was able to collect her thought and she wiped the tears from her eyes.

"Only three more months," Samantha said out loud. Samantha walked back to their bedroom and climbed into bed. Samantha pulled the blankets over her body and she drifted back to sleep.

Gorden left his house and started to walk over to his car, which was parked in the driveway. Just as Gorden was about to get into his car, a black UNSC service vehicle pulled up next to the sidewalk. The windows of the car were tinted and the UNSC insignia was printed on the sides of the doors. The driver's side door opened and a man stepped out. He walked around the front of the car and stopped at the passenger's door.

"Lieutenant," the marine exclaimed as he promptly saluted, "I have orders to take you back to the SilverSides,"

"Who sent you?" Gorden asked, snapping a crisp salute back.

"Captain Dogartt, lieutenant," the marine said, giving Gorden a friendly smile.

"All right, let's get going," Gorden said, the marine opened the passenger door with his right hand while keeping the other hand behind his back. Gorden got in and the marine closed the door. The

marine walked around the front of the car to the driver's side and got in. The service car Gorden was in had a really nice interior. The seats were made of smooth black leather with red trim. The seats had heating elements inside them. Hell, there was even a mini fridge built in to the back seat of the car. Gorden looked over at his driver and pondered. The man had black hair and light brown eyes, and his skin was a light brown color. "You look very familiar..Corporal," Gorden stated, looking at the drivers rank.

"I used to be your childhood friend a long time ago," the driver smirked as he pulled onto the street and drove down the road. Gorden scrutinized his driver and a realization hit him.

"James Fletcher!" Gorden exclaimed, shifting in his seat.

"You always got my last name wrong Gorden, Fletcher," James responded, turning left at an intersection.

"That's right! It's been a long time James, what like, almost eighteen years," Gorden moved his lunch down to the floor by his boots.

"Yeah, it's been a long time, how have things gone for you," James asked, glancing over at Gorden.

"Things turned out pretty good for me, I got a son and a wife, a nice house too, you saw it," Gorden replied.

"Your wife and son, what are their names?" James asked, putting on shades to keep the glare from the rising sun out of his eyes,

"I named my son Austin, and my wife's name is Samantha," Gorden answered, looking out into the horizon. The sun was just starting to come up, painting the sky shades of orange and pink.

"Well that's great Gorden, good on you," James complemented.

"Yeah it's defiantly something special, how about you, have a wife or any kids?" Gorden questioned James, looking for a wedding ring on his hands.

"Nope, nothing like that, I just, never settled down I guess," James explained, deep in thought.

"Well I'm sure the day will come," Gorden told James with confidence.

"I don't know man, things are getting pretty bad, James replied, pausing a second before continuing."You know, the covenant and all,"

"Things can't stay like this forever," Gorden assured James. James became solemn as he bit his bottom lip.

"What's wrong James," Gorden asked, trying to figure out his friend's sudden sadness.

"The covenant, they uh, they murdered everyone in my family," James forced his words out, with sorrow dripping from them.

"Oh James, I, I'm so sorry, they were really great people," Gorden remembered James's family, they all had good hearts, and they were very respectable people.

"It's not your fault, they were on Harvest when those twisted fucks came," James stopped in his sentence to take a breath, "My family made it off Harvest, but, Covenant ships were just waiting for them; the ship they were riding in wasn't a threat to the covenant, it was a civilian ship," James briefly looked over at Gorden and said. "They died out there.. how the fuck can they do shit like that, blow up a civilian ship, with women and children aboard, they never did anything wrong, and those heartless bastards in the covenant killed them, like it was nothing more than handshake," Gorden wanted to tell James everything would be all right, but he couldn't fine his voice. Gordens throat tightened up and his eye's started to water. James smiled as the sorrow left his face. "Screw it, they didn't get me," James let out a stressed laugh.

Gorden decided to change the subject to something less depressing.

"You still play baseball James?"

"Here and there, I don't play it that much anymore, well, since we grew up," James responded, checking his speed. Gorden let out a loud chuckle, startling James.

"Do you remember when we broke that cops' squad car window with the baseball we were playing with," Gorden grinned wildly at James.

"Oh yeah! That was perfect teamwork, you threw the ball just right," James laughed.

"Boy was that cop pissed off, he couldn't get over the fence because he had a very unfortunate weight problem," Gorden thought back to that day, they must have been eight years old.

James let out a happy sigh then said,

"He spilled his coffee all over his shirt, he was pissed, you know I almost thought he was going to shoot us when we ran," James remembered seeing the plump cop reach for his sidearm while shouting curses.

"Well what was he going to do, that fat fuck couldn't fight his way out of a crowded Denny's booth, let alone climb over a fence," Gorden snickered loudly as he looked out his window.

"We did him a favor, now he wouldn't have to roll his window down anymore when he would go pick up his pretzel nuggets," James looked at a sign to his left that read Fort Bradley ,one mile.

"Good times, good times," Gorden said, remembering all the trouble he would get in with James.

"Hey Gorden, were almost to the base, make sure you have everything ready," James said as a checkpoint came into view. The car slowed down and stopped at the checkpoint. James rolled down his window and showed the security guard his clearance. The guard checked the papers over and looked at Gorden. When the guard saw Gordens rank he saluted

him, Gorden saluted back at the guard.

"You're good to go," the guard said, handing back James his papers and waving them through. James nodded and drove through the checkpoint. James pulled the car up next to the airport and parked. James got out first, Gorden following suit, making sure he grabbed his lunch. Gorden and James walked up the stairs and stopped at the front doors of the airport. Two armed marines saluted Gorden together, and then they opened the airport doors. Gorden saluted both the marines as he entered the airport with James. The airport was alive as different service men and women hustled about doing their jobs. The tile floor inside the airport was freshly waxed and revealed a clear reflection of James and Gorden.

"We are late, we got to hurry," James stated, Gorden began to jog with James to the pelican that was waiting for them. Gorden and James entered the landing bay and saw one pelican on standby. The engine of the pelican was already on, and wind was blowing out of its thrusters. James and Gorden walked over to the pelican and saw the pilot sitting down on the seat closest to the loading ramp. The pilot looked up and stood when he saw the two marines standing in front of him.

"Lieutenant, we need to leave now," the pilot said, saluting Gorden as he waved both of them over. James and Gorden boarded the pelican and sat down next to each other. The pilot walked over to the loading ramp and prepared to close the ramp. "Ramp clear!" the pilot shouted as he closed the loading ramp. The pilot turned and smiled at Gorden and James, his helmet covered most of his face and only his lips were visible. "All right, get buckled in, we have a long flight ahead of us," the pilot walked back into the cabin of the pelican and closed the door. Gorden and James buckled in as they waited for liftoff. The intercom inside the pelican came on and the pilot said in a joking voice. "Welcome to delta airlines, we would like to remind you that this is a nonsmoking flight, if this is your first time flying with us, you will be receiving fifty free credits this afternoon, and as always, the barf bags are located in the seats next to you," with that, the pelican lifted up into the air and started to shoot up through the sky..Gorden felt his stomach sink as the pelican started to climb high in the sky. It was quiet inside the pelican and the only sound was the humming engine. Gorden shuddered slightly as the pelican exited Earths atmosphere. Gorden looked over at James, he was resting with his head back, James had the right idea, Gorden thought as he in turn leaned his head back and closed his eyes. Gorden exhaled as he began to relax. Gorden let his mind wonder back to his son and wife; he smiled as he let the warm thoughts carry him into a peaceful sleep.

Ten hours later Gorden was awakened by James.

"Hey Gorden, we just docked in the SilverSides, come on get up," James commanded as he helped Gorden up. James held Gorden for a moment until he was alert enough to stand on his own. Gorden yawned and stretched his arms as he grabbed his lunch. Gorden put his hat on and followed James off the pelican. The Docking bay inside the SiverSides was brightly lit; blinding Gorden as he first stepped out of the pelican. Gorden began to adjust to the new lighting and looked at James.

"That was a long ride," Gorden said, arching his back as it was stiff

from the long ride over.

"Yeah, that was not fun," James responded. The pilot walked down the loading ramp and walked over to James and Gorden.

"Hope you guys slept well," the pilot joked as he took his helmet off.

"Yeah it was a calm ride, thanks for getting us here," James said as he shook the pilots' hand.

"You bet," the pilot replied as he saluted them before walking away.

James and Gorden started to walk across the docking bay to report to command. They were stopped when they heard a joyful voice boom from behind them.

"Now who hell is this standing in my docking bay," Gorden turned around and was greeted by Captain Dwain Dogartt.

"Captain!" Gorden and James saluted Dwain in unison.

"Good job getting the lieutenant here, corporal," Dwain praised James.

"Yes captain," James responded, putting his hands behind his back while he stood in parade rest.

"How have things been since I've been gone?" Gorden questioned Dwain as the trio left the docking bay.

"Things have been pretty quiet, almost like the covenant fucked off and died," Both James and Gorden were surprised by the captain's comment. "Come on guys were all friends here, it's not like I'm going to court martial you if you laugh," James and Gorden let loose with a chuckle as they continued to walk down the large hallway leading to the barracks.

"Sounds like thing have gone pretty smoothly," Gorden told Dwain.

"Well, we will see if those tiny dick losers decide to show up, I'm sure we will be ready to send them to hell," Dwain joked, then said "I've got some work to attend to, report to me tomorrow for orders Gorden, until then, take it easy," Gorden and James saluted Dwain as he saluted them back. Dwain continued down the hallway and disappeared behind a corner. James looked at his watch which read four thirty one.

"Gorden I'm going to get some sleep man, I'll catch up with you tomorrow?" James questioned as he grinned at Gorden.

"You know it buddy," Gorden said as he slapped James on the shoulder. James walked into the barracks for the marines, the door closed behind him. Gorden stayed standing in the hallway, thinking to himself about the day. Then Gorden remembered he was supposed to call Samantha. Gorden walked down the hallway and took a right heading for the officers' quarters. Gorden came to a stop at his room and entered in his door code, which was his birth date, 3/24/2509. The electronic

door reader flashed green and then a click was heard. Gorden opened his door and walked in. Gorden closed his door and walked over to his bed, setting down his lunch on his night stand. Gorden had not had anything to eat for ten hours, so he would eat his lunch before calling Samantha. Gorden opened the paper bag and took out a ham and cheese sandwich; there was also some chips and a bottle of coke. Gorden eat his lunch quickly and finished his soda off before throwing the empty paper bag in the trash can next to his bed. Gorden took his black boots off and pulled his socks off. Gorden then stood and walked over to his desk and sat down. Gorden turned on his computer and waited for it to start up. Once the computer had finished starting. Gorden video called his house back on earth. Almost instantly, Samantha answered the video call.

"Gorden, how did everything go, were there any problems," Samantha had worry in her voice as she spoke.

"Everything is fine, I got here safe and sound," Gorden smiled at Samantha.

Samantha sighed in relief and stated to twirl her hair around with her index finger. "I'm glad everything turned out okay, things are going good here as well,"

"Good to hear, is Austin around?" Gorden questioned, as he covered his mouth and yawned.

"Yes he is, I will go get him," Samantha got up from her seat and left the bedroom. A few moments later Austin came running in followed by Samantha. Austin jumped up on the chair and looked at his Father and waved through the video feed.

"How are you doing, little man," Gorden said as he pointed at Austin.

"I'm doing great," Austin responded, his eyes lit up as he looked at his Father.

"What did you learn in school today?" Gorden asked.

"Nothing much, uh, we learned about different presidents, one of them had wood teeth I think,"

"George Washington, he must have got a lot of splinters," Gorden joked, earning laughs from both Austin and Samantha. Samantha leaned over the chair and hugged Austin.

"Mom," Austin complained as he struggled to get out of her arms. Gorden sat up straight and yawned again.

"Hey you to, I'm going to call it a night, I will talk to both of you tomorrow," Gorden said. Samantha brought her head down next to Austin's.

"All right Gorden, we will talk to you tomorrow, I love you," Samantha spoke gently.

"I love you too, Dad," Austin chimed in.

"I love you both too, have a good night," Gorden said as he exited

the video call and turned off his computer. Gorden stood up from his desk and climbed into bed with his uniform still on. Gorden pulled the covers over himself as he laid his head on the pillow. Gorden closed his eyes and began to fall asleep. Gorden had no idea that he would undergo a major life transition, very soon.

3. Chapter 3

FAILURE

By Kool Killer

Author's note: This story was thought up after I read the story SUCCESS. Unfortunately, the author removed the story because it wasn't going anywhere. I know the elites consider medical science to be dishonorable, but just go with it. Covenant time/ Cycle = one year / Unit = one minute.

The Unyielding Triumph, Covenant cruiser 8/3/2540 5:37pm

Shipmaster Sael Yersen'ee paced impatiently across the floor of his docking bay. His armored hooves made a clunking sound as he walked. Sael's gold armor shined brightly under the ceiling lights. Today, was a very special day indeed. Sael would be meeting with two well recognized shipmasters, to discuss something of a rather bizarre matter. The prophets had not informed Sael completely of the plan they had for the humans. Whatever the prophets had in mind, it would be rather unpleasant. One thing the prophets had made clear was, the humans would have to be alive and unharmed. Sael was taken from his thoughts as the sound of a phantom filled the docking bay. A phantom flew into the docking bay and landed, the engine started to wane down. Sael stared at the phantom with anticipation. The phantoms loading ramp lowered and revealed two shipmasters, each holding large purple cases. Sael stepped forward and waved his honored guests over. Both shipmasters approached Sael and stopped. Sael placed his right fist over his heart and bowed his head. Both of the other shipmasters did the same. Sael lifted his head and greeted his guests.

"Welcome Rtas vadum'ee and Thel vadam'ee to my ship, the Unyielding Triumph.

"We are honored to be here, Sael," Thel said as he gripped his case tightly. Sael glanced down at Thel's case and smiled.

"Come brothers, to my quarters where we will discuss matters," Sael left the docking bay with Thel and Rats, leading them to his quarters. "This must be rather important to the hierarchs if they would send such skilled warriors as yourselves here," Sael stopped at his door and entered in his passcode. The door opened and the three shipmasters walked in. Sael closed the door behind Rtas and Thel. "Might I offer you some refreshments?" Sael asked, looking at his guests.

"That would be most welcomed," Rtas replied.

"Come and take a seat brothers," Sael nodded over to a table. The table was crafted from only the finest wood Sanghelos had to offer. Thel and Rtas set both of their cases down on the table before

sitting. Sael emerged from his kitchen with a bottle of sangheilian whisky and three glasses filled with ice. Sael set the glasses down and opened the bottle of whisky. "This whisky has aged five cycles," Sael stated as he poured the whisky into the glasses. The ice crackled as the whisky filled the glasses. Sael put the bottle down and passed Thel and Rtas their glasses of whisky. All three shipmasters tapped their glasses together in a toast. They all drank from their glasses together, downing the chilled whisky.

"This is quite strong," Thel rubbed his neck while he inhaled.

"Indeed," Rtas replied, coughing lightly.

"Five cycles," Sael said as he brought his glass back to his mouth and drank the rest. Thel and Rats finished off their whisky more easily, now knowing what kind of a bite it carried. The three sangheili sighed as the drinks started to affect them.

"Oh, this whisky is much stronger than most others; one glass is the equivalent of three." Sael explained.

"Without a doubt," Rtas replied as he held his head. The three sangheili all looked at each other in silence, until Thel spoke.

"Now we should discuss matters," Thel said, leaning closer to the table. Sael and Rtas leaned in as well, looking at Thel. Sael smirked, and then asked.

"So, what do the prophets have in mind for those pesky humans?" Sael stared at the two large cases that rested on the table.

"You tell me, Sael," Thel passed a PDA over to Sael. Sael took the PDA and looked at both the shipmasters. They had wicked smiles scrolled across their faces. Sael examined the PDA and found that it contained a video. Sael pressed play and began to watch the video. In the video, there was a human female restrained by plasma rings in the center of a lab. Thel and another sangheili could be seen off to the left behind a plasma barrier. Thel nodded to a sangheili medical officer, and the medical officer approached the human with his assistant. Both of the sangheili held syringes filled with liquid. The medical officer's syringe held a clear liquid, and his assistants syringe contained a clear pink liquid. The medical officer stuck his syringe into the humans arm and dispensed the liquid. He stepped back and waited with his assistant for one unit. Then his assistant stepped forward and stuck his syringe into the human's chest, injecting the clear pink liquid. As soon as the assistant emptied the syringe, he quickly walked with his supervisor behind the plasma barrier. The human looked over to a corner of the room and her face went white with fear. In the corner of the lab, was a lifeless mangled body that had taken on grotesque sangheilian traits. The human looked over at Thel and the three sangheili that accompanied him and yelled.

"What's a matter? YOU DON'T WANT TO WATCH!" The female took a deep breath and prepared to shout again but she stopped and cringed. The human shot her head back and began wailing in agony. Sael looked closely at her hands and arms, they started to change. Her pinky fused with her ring finger creating an opposing thumb. Then her

fingers grew longer and sharp claws ripped out of her fingertips. The human's arms grew to fit the new hands. The human gasped and called Thel and his men bastards, then she screamed again as her feet started to change. The human's feet became sangheilian as the change worked its way up to her neck. Next her neck bulked up with muscle and stretched out to form a long thick neck. The humans head became more elongated forming the head of a sangheili. Then her mouth tore apart with mandibles ripping out, accompanied by many razor sharp fangs. Finally, the female's skin turned light brown in color and layers upon layers of new sinewy muscle rippled underneath her skin. The human female, well ex-human female hung her head low as she gasped for air, tears streaming down her face and dripping off her mandibles. The transformation was complete, now the female was a strong sangheili that still kept her feminine curves. The video ended and the screen on the PDA went black. Sael inhaled deeply not knowing he had held his breath. Sael looked over at Thel and Rtas speechless.

"That is what the prophets wish of the humans," Thel said as he took back his PDA and grinned at Sael.

"By the rings," Sael exclaimed as his mandibles slowly tugged up into a smile.

"Every human we turn, we gain as an ally," Rtas smirked, stood and opened the two large cases that were on the table. One of the cases had one thousand small disposable syringes that held the clear pink virus; the other case had one thousand syringes filled with a violet liquid. Sael looked at the two cases with confusion. Thel picked up on this and spoke.

"The clear pink liquid splices our DNA with a humans. The host's body will try to reject the virus at first, but the virus will consume them. Once the virus's assimilation with the brain is complete, the host will begin to change," Thel clicked his mandibles together when he finished speaking.

"What about these?" Sael pointed to the syringes filled with the violet liquid.

"They will suppress long term memories," Thel explained, tapping one claw near the case. Thel's claw made a clicking sound as he tapped the table.

"Suppresses, but it does not erase memories?" Sael questioned.

"The memories are buried in the subconscious, it would take something of great significance to bring back memories of the human's previous life," Thel replied.

"So, once the human's transformation is complete, we can reshape the way they think?" Sael asked.

"Precisely, that is what we intend to do, we will show the humans the truth," Thel stated, and nodded toward Rats.

"The humans, they will join us in our glories march into salvation," Rtas spoke his words from his hearts. Sael was deep in thought while he scratched his lower mandibles. Thel leaned in and grabbed Sael's attention.

"Do you have any more questions, Sael?" Thel asked as he swirled his glass around, the ice rattled inside the glass.

"Yes, we use our DNA, how does this work?" Sael questioned Thel.

"You place a drop of your blood into the vial," Thel grabbed a syringe and showed Sael how to open it. "Once the blood mixes with the virus, it will be ready to use," Thel smirked at Sael. Sael laughed heartily, then asked.

"How long does the virus take to work?" Sael looked Thel in the eyes.

"It takes two units, usually," Thel answered Sael.

"Excellent, soon we will show the humans truly creative means to win a war," Sael said his words darkly.

"They can only see one side of this war, we will show them the other," Thel laughed. Sael stood up and grabbed his bottle of aged whisky, smiling at the two shipmasters. Rtas and Thel happily pushed their glasses over to Sael. Sael opened the whisky bottle and poured generous amounts of whisky in each glass. Sael slid the full glasses back to Thel and Rtas. The three shipmasters tapped their glasses together and downed the whisky. All three shipmasters coughed as they inhaled, the alcohol burned their throats slightly.

Sael looked over at his clock and said

"Brothers, it is time for our evening meal," Sael stood up, Rtas and Thel did the same. All three shipmasters could feel the effect of the liquor as they stood. The three sangheili left Sael's quarters and traversed down the large hallways to the dining hall. They all walked ungracefully, thanks to the drinks they had consumed. Thel, Rtas, and Sael entered the dining hall and walked over to the serving counter. Inside the kitchen were kig-yar and sangheili cooks preparing rather enticing meals. One of the kig-yar cooks spotted the three shipmasters, placed a fist over his chest and bowed his head.

"Your excellences, we have prepared a splendid meal for this evening," The kig-yar walked up to his side of the serving counter and smiled at Sael and his guests.

"Oh, and what have you all prepared this evening, Yarl?" Sael asked intrigued.

"A massive roast slow cooked in herbs and spices," Yarl replied, licking his beak. A little bit of saliva trickled down Sael's mandibles and he wiped it away.

"Is the meal ready now?" Sael asked Yarl with hunger present in his eyes.

"Of course shipmaster, I will dish you all up," Yarl walked back to his table and got three large bowls out. Then Yarl began to fill the bowls with the delicious smelling meat. Yarl walked back over with the three bowls on a platter and passed the bowls over the counter. Thel, Rtas and Sael graciously accepted their meals.

"You have my thanks, Yarl," Sael praised Yarl.

"Thank you shipmaster," Yarl replied, before returning back to work. The three shipmasters turned around and looked at the dining hall tables. There were many sangheili, kig-yar, and unggoy laughing and joking with each other as they enjoyed their meals. A group of sangheilian warriors spotted the three shipmasters and waved them over, hoping their superiors would dine with them. The three shipmasters walked over to their brothers and sat down next to them.

"Your excellences," One of the younger sangheili started to stand up to salute them, but Sael stopped him.

"Sit brother, and enjoy your meal," Sael commanded as he started to devour his meat. The meat tasted so good, Sael was a little embarrassed of hounding down his meal so quickly. Sael looked at every sangheili at the table; they were eating faster than he was. Sael chuckled to himself and continued to eat his meal. Sael glanced over at Rtas, the meat was very tender and Rtas had no problem eating with only two mandibles. Thel had finished his meal and started to talk to the other sangheili around the table. Thel exchanged war stores with them; the young sangheili listened in closely to Thel's stories in awe. Time flew by and soon it was thirty units past nine. Most of the people in the dining hall had left. Only Thel, Rtas, Sael, and the cooks remained. The cooks were putting things away and cleaning used utensils for tomorrow.

Thel had noticed that there were no jiralhane aboard the Unyielding Triumph.

"Sael, you don't have jiralhane aboard this ship," Thel stated, receiving a weird look from Sael.

"Of course not, I wouldn't allow those apes anywhere near my ship," Sael voiced his words loudly. "This is a sangheili controlled ship and that's how it will stay," Thel nodded in agreement, then said.

"Understand Sael, I care not for those filthy apes, it is good you don't have any of those animals aboard.

"The beasts always reek as if they haven't bathed in a million cycles," Rtas joked, earning laughs from Thel, Sael, and Yarl, who was now walking over to them. Yarl had in his claws, four bottles filled with a dark blue liquid.

"I hope you enjoyed your meals, excellences," Yarl said as he sat down next to Sael.

"Your meals are always desirable, you do an impeccable job, Yarl," Sael's complement made the Kig-yar blush a little.

"What are those bottles?" Rtas asked Yarl

"They are sweet drinks from my home world, here, try them," Yarl started to pass them out to the three shipmasters. "You twist the lids off," Yarl explained as he twisted the cap off on his bottle. A hiss was heard, and the blue liquid inside the bottle began to

crackle. The three sangheili opened their bottles as well and tried the drinks. Sael could feel his throat sizzle as he drank the cool sweet drink.

"My my, this is quite good, thank you Yarl," Sael clicked his mandibles together savoring the taste.

"I'm glad you like them," Yarl said as he stood up.

"You're leaving all ready?" Sael questioned Yarl.

"I have to finish up in the kitchen," Yarl said, leaving the table and walking back to the kitchen. Sael looked at the clock above the entrance to the dining hall, it read ten thirteen.

"It's getting late, let me show you to your rooms brothers," Sael said as he stood up from the table. Thel and Rtas stood and followed Sael. As the three shipmasters neared the dining hall doors, the doors opened and two unggoy waddled in pushing mop buckets. They stopped when they saw the three shipmasters and bowed to them. Sael nodded to them as he left the dining hall with his two guests. They walked down the long hallway and headed back to Sael's room. Across from Sael's quarters were two guests' rooms with their own bathrooms. "Here are your rooms brothers," Sael said, then added. "Do you want me to get your cases of syringes?"

"No brother, this is your ship, so it is your operation," Thel smiled at Sael.

"Very well, enjoy your sleep shipmasters," Sael bowed his head and saluted Thel and Rtas.

"You have our thanks," Rtas said as they both bowed their heads and saluted Sael.

Sael entered his quarters and closed the door. Sael stared at the two large cases lying on the table. Sael walked over to the table and grabbed a syringe filled with the clear pink virus. Sael thought back to the video Thel had shown him. Sael felt many things in his hearts as he watched the human turn. It was exciting and amazing what this virus could do. Maybe the virus could be spread other ways too. Sael wouldn't have admitted it, but, he found the humans transformation, slightly arousing. Sael shook his head and placed the syringe back into its case. Sael closed both of the cases and looked at the three empty glasses from earlier, the ice had already melted. Sael grabbed the glasses and put them in his kitchen sink. Sael then walked into his bedroom and closed the door. Sael started to take off his armor, starting with his helmet and working his way down. When Sael had finished taking his armor off, he unzipped his bodysuit and slipped out of it. Sael entered his bathroom and closed the door. Sael walked over to the mirror and stared at himself. He was much bigger than most of the other sangheili being nine foot four; Sael practically towered over other sangheili. Sael was pretty muscular and he took excellent care of his body. His skin was black but it got lighter towards his chest and abdomen. Sael leaned closer to the mirror and stared into his sharp green eyes. Sael noticed he had meat stuck between his fangs from his meal earlier. Sael grabbed a toothpick and removed the meat from his teeth. Sael licked his mandibles with his long tongue still tasting the juices left behind from the meat.

Sael left the bathroom and walked over to his bed. Sael got into the bed and closed his eyes. When Sael closed his eyes he could see the human females face. She was shrieking in pain, as tears fell from her catlike eyes. Sael's eyes snapped open and he blinked repeatedly. The human had been in so much pain, and misery. Could he really do that to a human when the time came, take away the only body they have known since birth. Sael shook his feelings aside and closed his eyes again. This time Sael was able to keep his eyes closed. Sael smiled as he thought back to when he was a youngling living in his parents company. Life was quite easy back then. Sael let his thoughts take him away into a wonderful dream.

4. Chapter 4

FAILURE

By Kool Killer

The SilverSides, UNSC Destroyer 8/4/2540 7:13am

Gorden was dreaming peacefully until his alarm clock started screaming at him.

"Uhha, shut up." Gorden mumbled as he hit the off button, silencing his alarm clock. He sat up slowly and rubbed his eyes. Gorden sighed, pulled the covers off his legs and stood up. Gorden started to walk to his bathroom, but he froze when the mirror came into view. Gorden acted like an enemy had spotted him; he quickly threw himself against the bathroom wall. He carefully leaned his head into the bathroom with caution. Gorden could see himself in the mirror; he was being all tactical and ridiculous. Gorden got off the wall and walked into the bathroom. Gorden looked right into the mirror finding that everything was normal. The elite that haunted him was nowhere in sight. Gorden grabbed his toothbrush and began brushing his teeth. When Gorden was finished with cleaning his teeth, he walked over to the toilet. Gorden whipped his wang out and started to relieve himself. Gorden took a whiz that was so sweet, it made his toes curl. Gorden finished his business and flushed the toilet. Then he walked over to the sink and washed his hands. Gorden left the bathroom and walked into his bedroom.

Gorden never took his uniform off last night, so he wouldn't have to change. Gorden sat down on his bed and put his boots on. He tied his boots tightly and stood up. Gorden looked at his clock on the nightstand. The clock read, seven twenty, time for breakfast! Gorden left his room and started to walk to the mess hall. No one was really up yet, and only maintenance workers walked the halls. Gorden opened the doors to the mess hall and walked over to the serving counter. Inside the kitchen were cooks making breakfast magic happen. They were cooking sausage, bacon, eggs, hash browns, and pancakes. A huge smile spread across Gordens mouth while he got one of the cook's attention.

"God in heaven man, you think you're cooking enough food there?" Gorden eyed the mountain of food on the other side of the case.

"This is nothing, you should see the dinner we are going to make tonight," one of the cooks replied, before walking up to Gorden. The

cook gave Gorden a friendly smile, then he asked "What can I get you Lieutenant?"

"Everything," Gorden joked and pointed at all the food. The cook shrugged, grabbed a plate and started piling it high. Gordens eyes widened when the cook passed him his plate.

"Enjoy lieutenant," the cook walked back to his grill and continued making more food. Gorden looked down at his plate; there was a retarded amount of food on the plate. Gorden turned around, skimmed the row of tables and spotted James, talking with the pilot that flew him to the SilverSides. Gorden walked over to James and sat down next to him. Gorden nodded to James then extended his hand to the pilot.

"I don't believe I got your name," Gorden smiled at the pilot.

"Blake Cardney, lieutenant," Blake firmly shook Gorden's hand.

"I'm Gorden Bookduh, nice to meet you Blake," Gorden said, then added "How long have you been flying?"

"Oh, nine years now," Blake replied, tearing into a piece of bacon.

"You're really good at flying Blake," James complemented; "We slept the whole way here," James gestured over to Gorden.

"Yeah, you are like our own personal flying hotel, jokes cost extra," Gorden started to eat his breakfast,"

"Jokes don't cost extra for you Gorden," Blake shook his head and chuckled. Gorden looked over at James and asked.

"So James, when did you get transferred to the SilverSides?"

"I got here right after you left to go see your wife and son," James responded.

"Good deal, I'm glad you're here bro," Gorden joked while he bumped fists with James. James gave Gorden a questioning stare and grinned.

"Hey Gorden? What do you think aboâ€|" James stopped in his sentence as a shock wave passed through the ship. Gorden looked at different crew members around the mess hall; everyone was looking around wondering what had just happened. Gorden's attention was drawn to the intercom inside the mess hall.

"Slip space rupture! The enemies are here boys, everyone to their posts now!" Captain Dogartt had excitement and vigor in his voice. James, Gorden and Blake sprinted out of the mess hall, and made their way to the bridge. Along the way they saw different personnel running with haste to their stations. The three marines reached the bridge and ran up to the captain. Dwain had his hands behind his back; he was staring at the covenant cruiser that would soon be in the range for annihilation.

"Captain! Reporting as ordered," Gorden grabbed Dwain's attention.

Dwain turned around and grinned at Gorden.

"Gorden, you've just arrived in time for the fireworks," Dwain clapped his hands together. Dwain looked past Gorden and issued orders to James and Blake. "Cardney, Fletcher, get as many weapons from the armory as you can and get back here on the double,"

"Yes captain," both James and Blake replied before running out of the bridge. Gorden walked next to Dwain and stood by his side.

"What have we got captain?" Gorden asked, looking over at Dwain.

"Do you see that spec, right, there," Gorden looked where Dwain was pointing, leaned in and squinted his eyes.

"It's a covenant cruiser, captain," Gorden could see the ship, and it was certainly bigger than a spec. Gorden always liked Dwain's personality, he always found a way to be funny in tense situations.

"It is a covenant cruiser, we're going to give them an early Christmas present," Dwain smiled and nodded to his crew inside the bridge. The covenant cruiser was closing in and was almost in the kill range. The doors to the bridge opened, James and Blake ran in. They were both carrying multiple shotguns and assault rifles. James and Blake started arming everyone on the bridge.

"Do you really think it's necessary to arm the crew?" Gorden asked Dwain.

"Probably not, I guess you could say it's a false sense of security," Dwain shrugged and grabbed a shotgun from James. Blake gave an assault rifle to Gorden. Gorden held the firearm firmly while he eyed the covenant cruiser that was now in the kill zone. "See," Dwain said, looking at Gorden's assault rifle, "don't you feel safer already?" Dwain and Gorden laughed. They both knew that the weapons they held would not be useful in a fight against a covenant ship. One of the crew members inside the bridge hollered over to Dwain.

"Captain, they've opened fire!" Everyone on the bridge watched as green plasma glided through the vacuum of space and struck the bow of the SilverSides. However, the plasma did not kill them, but it disabled their weapon platforms. The lights on the bridge shut off and covered the crew in darkness. Only the light from the stars shined in through the windows.

"Is everyone all right?" Dwain called out.

"Yes captain," many crew men and women responded.

"So, what the hell just happened?" Dwain questioned, looking over at his navigator.

"The covenant cruiser launched some kind of EMP, all our weapon systems are offline," the navigator replied. The covenant cruiser closed in and stopped one hundred feet from the SilverSides. Now that the covenant ship was right next to the SilverSides, Gorden could see just how big the ship really was. "Captain, they're hailing us," the navigator told Dwain.

The monitor on the combat information screen flickered on, revealing a huge black elite with bright green eyes. The elite was wearing golden armor. Gorden froze when he saw the elite; it was the same elite that haunted his dreams. The elite looked at all the men and women on the bridge, looking their bodies over. The huge elite smiled, then spoke.

"Greetings humans, I am shipmaster Sael Yersen'ee of the Unyielding Triumph, you should know that.." Sael was cut off by captain Dogartt.

"BORING, god DAMN!" Dwain shouted at Sael while he held his ears. A mixture of frustration and anger shot across Sael's face as he snarled.

"Why you, you miserable little whelp!" Sael roared, clinching his large fists. Dwain smirked at Sael and flipped him off. Sael closed his eyes, took a deep breath and sighed. "I should not get angry with you humans, you were born stubborn," Sael looked at Dwain while he was speaking.

"Just like you were born to be a fucked up child killer," Dwain retorted back at Sael. Sael hissed and snapped his mandibles at Dwain, which is a dire sangheilian insult.

"You should know that the prophets.." Dwain interrupted Sael again.

"FUCK the prophets!" Sael looked at Dwain and gave him a sinister smile.

"YOU," Sael said while he pointed at Dwain, "will be the first human to join us in our search for the GREAT JOURNEY," Dwain laughed and called James over.

"Fletcher, show this four jawed freak of nature what you think about the great journey," James smiled and walked into Sael's view. James loosened his collar, pretending that he had a tie on. Then James slapped his right hand underneath his right thigh. He lifted his leg up into the air with his hand and let loose a tremendous fart. Everyone on the bridge broke out into howling laughter, Sael was not impressed.

"You should be glad the prophets have spared your filthy lives, otherwise we would have rained fire upon your tiny pathetic ship," Sael mocked the crew aboard the SilverSides.

"Hey, you shouldn't talk bad about us humans, I am your Father after all," Dwain said, looking at Sael seriously.

"You are not my FATHER!" Sael bellowed, his voice was vicious.

"You know what, your right, I'm not your Father," Dwain paused in his sentence, then continued, "The BRUTE did beat me over the fence," Boy did that piss Sael off. He was trembling with rage as he started to speak.

"We are coming in there to get you HUMANS! Put down your weapons and make this easy on yourselves," Sael leaned back in his chair fuming

with anger. Gorden pulled the slide back on his assault rifle and let it snap back into place. Everyone else on the bridge chambered rounds into their weapons. Multiple clicks and cocks were heard across the bridge. Sael shook his head and gave Dwain a Ghastly smile. "Very well, we will see you soon," The transmission cut out and the emergency power kicked on. The floors and halls lit up with yellow hazard lights. Gorden got Dwain's attention.

"Captain, they are going to board the SilverSides," there was worry in Gordens voice. Dwain snorted, and then said sarcastically.

"No, they're going to TRY, to board our ship," Dwain emphasized the word try.

"What are your orders, captain?" Gorden asked while he hugged his assault rifle tightly.

"Get to the AI core and erase anything that could lead those tipsy elites back to Earth," Dwain looked at James and Blake, "Take Cardney, and Fletcher with you," Dwain waved the three marines off.

"Yes captain," Blake, James and Gorden responded. The three marines left the bridge and started to move down the hall to the AI core. There were personnel making barricades out of benches and tables, blocking unassay entrances and setting up cover ten feet from the bridge doors. Gorden greeted them as he ran by. Once Gorden and his two buddies left the vicinity of the bridge, the halls were empty. A lot of the crew probably went to the docking bay to hold off the impending attack. The three marines made it to the AI core; the room was drenched in a red light.

"James, Blake, cover the entrance while I erase the data," Gorden's order echoed throughout the AI core.

"Yes lieutenant," James and Blake replied, they both turned and watched the entrance, keeping their assault rifle trained on the doorway. Gorden used a terminal to access the star charts, then he deleted them and terminated the AI. Once Gorden finished deleting all the data, he stood back and shouldered his rifle. Gorden fired eight rounds into the computer terminal; his spent casings clinked and clattered when they hit the hard floor. The screen on the terminal cracked and shattered, the covenant would not be getting anything useful from this terminal. Gorden walked past James and Blake, signaling for them to follow him.

Gorden, James and Blake proceeded to the docking bay to keep the squids from boarding the ship. When they reached the docking bay they could not enter, the emergency shutters were down.

"These should only be down during a breach of decompression," Blake said, nodding to the blast shutters. Gorden walked up to the shutter and looked into the docking bay through its thick glass. The docking bay was filled with a blue gas. Many marines and technicians laid sprawled out over the floor of the docking bay, they were still breathing but they were unconscious. Gorden watched as stealth elites with full body suits donned, started picking up sleeping men and women. The elites were taking the crew of the SilverSides and putting them on their phantoms. Gorden's eyes scanned the ground; there was no brass on the floor. The soldiers sent to secure the docking bay

didn't even fire a round. They were probably incapacitated by the gas before they could use their firearms.

Gorden turned around and faced James and Blake.

"The elites are taking hostages," Gorden told his two buddies.

"Hostages?" James questioned, looking at Gorden in disbelief.

"That's not like the covenant at all, what else are they doing?" Blake asked, gesturing for Gorden to look back through the glass. Gorden slowly turned his head to look back through the window. When Gorden saw a huge elite wearing golden armor on the other side of the shutter, he jumped back in fight and shouted.

"Son of a BITCH!" Gorden looked up into the green eyes of the elite, it was Sael, from the transmission earlier. Sael leaned his head next to the glass and stared at three the marines. Sael gave them a tainted smile and tapped the glass with one of his large claws. The way Sael was eyeing them up made it seem like he was playing a game. Gorden, Blake and James were prizes waiting for him on the other side of the blast shutters. James barred his teeth while he looked at Sael.

"He's screwing with us!" James quickly walked up to the shutter and flipped Sael off, "Fuck you, you hinge head freak!" Sael's smile faded from his mouth and he let loose a snarl. Sael unclipped his plasma sword and activated it by snapping his wrist. Sael drew his hand back and prepared to thrust his plasma sword through the shutter. Gorden grabbed James and threw him back just as the prongs from the plasma sword pierced the shutter where James was standing a second ago. Sael removed his blade from the shutter; the blue gas inside the docking bay seeped through the two incisions and trickled to the floor. The gas started to spread out across the floor and drift towards Gorden and his two subordinates.

"We got to fall back to the bridge," Gorden helped James up.

"It's too bad the armory is on the other side of the docking bay, we could have got gasmasks," Blake said, moving with Gorden and James to the bridge. James, Blake and Gorden ran down the empty halls and neared the bridge. As the three marines rounded the corner to the bridge they were almost shot by the crew members that set up the barricade.

"Fuck, oh, lieutenant," both of the technicians lowered their assault rifles.

"We lost the docking bay, the elites are using some kind of sleeping gas," Gorden walked past the barricade and stopped at the bridge doors. "We can't stay out here, come on," Gorden opened the bridge doors and waved everyone through. Gorden looked down the corridor and saw the blue smoke come shooting around the corner. Gorden went through the bridge doors and sealed them with haste. Gorden backed up slowly, keeping his rifle trained on the bridge doors. Gorden nearly jumped out of his skin when a hand slapped down on his shoulder.

Gorden sighed in relief when he saw who the hand belonged to.

"Did you take care of the data?" Dwain asked, taking his hand off Gorden's shoulder.

"Yes captain, all the data is now history, that won't be found of course," Gorden replied, and then added, "The elites have taken the docking bay, and their headed this way,"

"Well then, let's give them a warm welcome when they get here," Dwain cocked his shotgun and grinned at Gorden. While the crew of the SilverSides prepared for their last stand, stealth elites worked their way through the ventilation system. Gorden looked up at the air ducts when he heard them creek. One of the air vents got kicked out and an elite threw a gas grenade down into the bridge.

"They're in the air ducts!" Gorden shouted, and started firing his assault rifle into the ventilation system. The gas grenade that landed in the bridge exploded, sending the blue gas everywhere. Almost immediately, bridge personnel started succumbing to the gas. Gorden ran to the other side of the bridge with Blake, James and Dwain, they barely got away from the gas. "Come on, let's get the fuck out of here," Gorden opened a maintenance hatch and let his three friends go through. Just as Gorden was about to go through himself, he was picked up into the air and thrown across the bridge. Gorden landed with a thud away from the blue gas, unfortunately, his assault rifle slipped out of his grip and slid underneath a control console.

Gorden looked up at the maintenance hatch, the time delay had expired and the maintenance hatch sealed itself shut. Gorden slowly got up and stared at the ominous blue gas that swayed in front of him. The outline of an elite was seen walking through the gas. The stealth elite stopped five feet from Gorden and deactivated his cloaking armor. Gorden readied his forty five as the stealth elite materialized in front of him. In a lightning fast motion, the stealth elite activated his plasma sword and sliced Gorden's handgun in half. Gorden dropped the other half of his forty five, stepped back, and adopted a fighting stance. "Let's see how good you really are, ELITE," Gorden spat the word elite.

The stealth elite huffed, deactivated his plasma sword and clipped it back onto his thigh. Gorden wasted no time, he quickly ran up to his enemy and kicked him in the stomach; it was like kicking a solid brick wall. The elite looked down at Gorden and laughed, he barely felt the kick. The elite went to grab Gorden but he moved out of the way and kicked one of the elite's legs out. The elite was now kneeling and Gorden saw his chance. With all his strength, Gorden decked the elite right in the mouth, successfully knocking one of the elites' sharp fangs out. The elite hit the ground with a thump, and gawked back at Gorden.

"It seems you do have a warrior's spirit in you," the elite said, standing back up and wiping the purple blood off his mandibles. The elite roared at Gorden and charged him. Gorden could not get out of the way before the elite pounced on him. The elite grabbed Gorden by the throat and lifted him up into the air. The elite laughed and shook Gorden as he began to strangle him. Gorden gaged and struggled in the elites grasp, his chances for escape dwindling with each second that passed by. Gorden grabbed ahold of the elite's hands and

gave him a hard kick to the bottom of his gaping mouth. The elite dropped Gorden and fell back words unconscious. Boy I got a lucky hit in, Gorden thought, while he gasped for air. Gorden was unaware that many elites had gathered to watch the fight; they were disappointed that it did not last longer. Gorden was completely oblivious to their presence. Gorden had also attracted the attention of Sael, who watched in amusement.

"YEAH fuck you, if you're the best warrior the covenant has, the prophets are screwed," Gorden mocked the unconscious elite. "Come on now really, the one thing the prophets asked you to do, was to kill humans, and you can't even do that, you're a waste of skin!" Gorden yelled kicking the elite. "You know you are fucking pathetic, and god knows too, you trained your whole life to be a killer, and you SUCK at it!" Gorden Inhaled deeply and prepared to shout more curses at the elite, but he was stopped when someone grabbed him from behind. "WHAT THE FU.." Gorden was cut off as his attacker began to choke him. Gorden struggled against his new attacker, but the assailant was too mighty. Gorden's struggle was soon over as he lost consciousness and his body went limp.

Sael removed his large hands from Gorden's throat and stared at him in awe.

"You will make an excellent host," Sael laughed and threw Gorden over his massive shoulders. Sael turned and looked toward his comrade who was lying on the floor; he started to wake up. Sael leaned over his fallen warrior and spoke. "You had better learn to not underestimate your foe, and fight more accurately for the forerunners sake, for if you are killed by a human, it will be a most pathetic day indeed," With that, Sael turned around and walked away with his prize, Gorden.

5. Chapter 5

FAILURE

By Kool Killer

The Unyielding Triumph, Covenant cruiser 8/4/2540 4:43pm

Sael smiled from his ship as he watched the SilverSides explode into a million pieces. The mission was a complete success. All the humans had been wrenched from their inferior ship. There were no deaths or injuries on either side, except for that one sangheilian warrior that was knocked unconscious by the human lieutenant named, Gorden. Sael could not understand why Gorden would stay and fight while he let his brothers flee. If anyone should have stayed behind, it should have been the captain of the ship! Sael was roused from his thoughts when Thel and Rtas entered the bridge. The two shipmasters strode up to Sael with enormous grins on their faces.

"Sael, the humans are ready to begin their journey and join our ranks," Rtas had excitement in his voice.

"How many humans have we acquired?" Sael asked, looking over at Thel.

"Three hundred and forty three humans have been seized," Thel replied

in a gratified tone.

"Excellent, let's not keep them waiting," Sael chuckled and stood up from his hover chair. Sael left the bridge with Thel and Rtas. The three shipmasters walked in silence down to the holding cells where the humans were being kept. Sael, Rtas and Thel entered the brig and began to walk down the spacious hallway. Large holding cells were on both sides of the hallway. The cells held many humans, both male and female. All the humans looked like they would make suitable hosts, but, where was Gorden? Sael questioned himself while he scanned the cells. Many of the humans had awakened from the sleeping gas. The humans stared back at Sael with uncertainty and sorrow; they knew they could not escape. Sael smirked at the humans and decided to break the silence. "Why the long faces humans, you should be glad you are alive," Sael words were sarcastic. One human with black hair and light brown eyes stood up and stared back at Sael in defiance.

"Why would you waste your time on us, and since when, has the covenant decided to take human prisoners, Hmm? The human questioned Sael in an annoyed tone. Sael lowered his head and simply smiled at the human.

"You will find out soon enough why we have decided to spare your lives, but I won't ruin the surprise," Sael turned away from the human and looked at Thel and Rats. "This can't be all the humans, where is the lieutenant and the captain? Sael asked, glancing back around at the cells.

"The captain and the lieutenant are in the medical bay," Rtas replied.

"Since they are the highest in rank, we thought that they could be the first ones to join us," Thel added.

"Yes, they shall be the first ones to undergo their transformations, we have to start somewhere," Sael laughed loudly. Most of the humans had heard what Sael had said and looked at each other with worried expressions. The three shipmasters started to walk towards the brig exit. Before they left, they greeted the guards that were standing on either side of the brig doors. Rtas, Thel and Sael left the brig and started to walk to the medical bay. As before, the three shipmasters walked in silence, with the only sound being the echoes of their armored footsteps.

The three sangheili entered the medical bay and closed the door behind themselves. Sael smiled and looked around the medical bay. In the center of the room were two unconscious humans restrained by plasma rings. Both Gorden and Dwain were facing each other, so they would see one another when they woke up. Sael walked over to Gorden and brought his mouth down to Gorden's neck. Sael inhaled deeply, examining Gordens' scent. To Sael, Gorden's scent was pungent and sour, but not for long as he would adopt a new scent, a sangheilian scent.

Sael leaned in close to the sleeping humans and spoke quietly to them. "Humans, it's time to wake up," Both Dwain and Gorden were deaf to Sael's soft words, so he tried something else. Sael lowered his head right next to Gordens and let loose a bellowing roar. Not only did this wake Dwain and Gorden up, it startled an unsuspecting Thel and Rtas as well. Gorden snapped out of his sleep and

shouted.

"Whoa! What the fuck was thaâ€!" Gorden stopped in his sentence when he saw Sael grinning two inches from his face. Gorden stared into Sael's green eyes with dread. Gorden looked down at his arms and legs, plasma rings held his limbs tightly. His gear had also been taken and now he was left with only his olive green pants and his black undershirt. Sael placed his right hand over Gorden's right shoulder and spoke into his left ear.

"I hope these restraints are not too tight, don't worry though, they will adjust as your body grows," Sael squeezed Gorden's shoulder, emphasizing his words.

"What?" Gorden questioned, very unnerved by Sael's words. Sael chuckled quietly and stood back to his full height.

"I will show you what I am speaking of," Sael left Gorden's side and moved over to Dwain. "Greetings, captain Doguard," Sael smirked at Dwain, purposely pronouncing his last name wrong.

"WELL, Shit," Dwain responded, trying to break free from his bindings.

"You are not going to escape these restraints, besides, we have much use for your body," Sael reached for a syringe that was lying on the supply table. Sael held the syringe up to Dwain and showed him its contents. Dwain laughed and shook his head. "What is so funny, captain?" Sael growled in annoyance, growing tired of Dwain's smug attitude.

"What the fuck is that supposed to be, pink food dye?" Dwain's voice was sarcastic as always. Sael smiled wickedly and prepared to plunge the syringe into Dwain's neck, but Thel stopped him.

"Wait Sael!" Thel reached up and placed a hand on Sael's shoulder,"

"Yes," Sael answered, looking down at Thel.

"Should we not give him a pain reliever?" Thel questioned.

"THIS ONE!" Sael hissed while he jabbed Dwain in the chest with one of his claws, "Does not get a relief of pain,"

"Are you quite sure?" Thel asked, taking his hand off Sael's shoulder.

"He has disgraced the prophets, so then, he must SUFFER! Sael readied his syringe and plunged it into Dwain's neck. Dwain flinched as the virus was injected into his jugular. Sael removed the syringe and stood back to watch the show. The virus began to spread through Dwain's veins like a wildfire. Dwain struggled and grunted as the virus continued to spread. Gorden could tell from where he was that Dwain was in a lot of pain. But Dwain refused to scream, he wouldn't give Sael that satisfaction.

"What the HELL was in that SYRINGE!" Gorden yelled at Sael. Sael turned and shot Gorden a ghastly smile, exposing all of his razor sharp fangs.

"You will see, GORDEN," Sael replied menacingly. Gorden looked back at Dwain with concern. Dwain made eye contact with Gorden and he shook his head.

"Oh Gorden, I don't feel so good, I..." Dwain stopped dead in his sentence. His eyes snapped open and he tensed up. Dwain threw his head back and forced out a blood curdling scream. Gorden struggled violently to break free of his restraints to help Dwain.

"Captain! What's wrong?" Gorden yelled, still trying to get out of his restraints. Sael started to laugh at Dwain, his sinister laugh was louder than Dwain's cries of pain. "STOP laughing you SICK FUCK!" Gorden shouted at Sael. Sael whipped his head towards Gorden and walked up to him with haste.

"Can you not see why I am laughing, LOOK AT YOUR FRIEND!" Sael ordered, grabbing Gordens head and forcing him to look at Dwain. Gorden's eyes widened with terror when he saw his captain again. Dwain's body started to change. Dwain's arms grew longer and his pinky fused with his ring finger, giving him a second thumb. Claws ripped out of Dwain's finger tips and his arms started to grow new muscles. Next Dwain's chest started to grow and his shoulders became much broader, tearing his uniform as they grew. The change crept down Dwain's spine and started to rearrange his legs. Dwain's feet changed with his legs forming two towed hooves on both of his feet. Gorden desperately tried to look away from Dwain, but Sael held Gordens head steady with his large hands. Gorden watched the change crawl up to Dwain's mortified face. Gorden closed his eyes when Dwain screamed again, he didn't even sound human anymore. Then, Gorden realized in horror what was happening to Dwain, HE was turning into an ELITE!

It seemed to last forever, Dwain's screams became louder and deeper in tone. Finally, Dwain cried out one last time, his cry sounded more like a roar. Suddenly, Dwain went limp and his head fell down on his big chest. Dwain gasped as his new lungs forced air in and out. A steady stream of saliva trickled down from his mandibles. Dwain's uniform was completely shredded by all of his new large muscles. When Dwain had finished catching his breath, he called out in despair and anguish. Dwain's ominous cry echoed throughout the medical bay, it tore right into Gordens heart and he started to cry as well.

"You bastards, Look what you've DONE!" Sael let go of Gorden's head and stared at the former human captain. Dwain's sorrowful cries no longer made Sael laugh. Sael had wanted to hear a human suffer, not one of his own. Sael reached down and grabbed a syringe that held the pain reliever. He quickly walked up to Dwain and prepared the syringe. Sael gently pushed the syringe into Dwain's thick neck and administered the pain reliever. Sael carefully removed the syringe and set it on the supply table. Dwain's cries died down to whimpers, and soon after he sighed as the drugs took full effect.

Sael carefully lifted Dwain's head and held it up for Gorden to see.

"Gorden," Sael spoke softly. Gorden looked up and stared into Dwains' unaware eyes. Dwains' eye color was now a bright silver compared to the dull color he had when he was still human. His skin had changed also and was now a grayish color. Sael lowered his head and smiled at Dwain. Dwain gazed back at Sael with his eyes half asleep. Sael

grabbed Dwain's shoulders and released the bindings that held him. Sael called over to Thel and Rtas. "Shipmasters, won't you take our new brother to the recovery wing," Sael nodded to Dwain.

"Of course," Both Thel and Rtas replied together. They walked up to Sael and took Dwain in their arms. Sael reached down to the supply table and grabbed a syringe that contained the memory suppressant.

>"Be sure to give our new warrior this while he sleeps tonight," Sael handed Rtas the syringe filled with the violet liquid.<p>

"It will be done," Thel and Rtas replied as they carried Dwain out of the medical bay. The doors slowly started to close and Gorden watched mournfully as the two elites carried Dwain out, leaving him with Sael. Sael turned and looked at Gorden, who was still crying bitterly.

"Don't feel sad for your friend, he is stronger now," Sael tried to calm Gorden down, it had little effect to help ease his nerves. Gorden looked up at Sael in utter disbelief.

"Wha.. whâ€| what did you give him?" Gorden asked solemnly. Sael walked over to Gorden and used one of his large claws to wipe the tears out from under his eyes.

"I," Sael began, but stopped to find the right words, "I gave him a gift, a gift, not even the forerunners could have given him," Sael's words were sincere. Gorden wanted to scream at Sael but he could no longer find his voice so he lowered his head and closed his eyes. Sael stood by Gorden for a couple moments, and then he walked over to the supply table. "Do not worry Gorden, it will only hurt for a little while," Sael said as he grabbed another syringe filled with the clear pink virus. Gorden's head snapped up and his eyes flew open. Gorden watched Sael open the syringe and smirk his way. Sael cut his finger with one of his large claws and let a single drop of purple blood fall into the opening on the syringe. Sael then closed the syringe and shook it lightly, letting his blood mix with the virus. After that, Sael grabbed a syringe that held the pain reliever and walked up to Gorden. Sael put both of the syringes down on the supply table. Sael turned and faced Gorden, eyeing his body up. Sael crossed his arms and smiled as odd thoughts crossed his mind.

"Gorden, you are very special, do you know this?" Sael asked while he kneeled, so he would be at Gorden's height. Gorden looked away from Sael in disgust. "You have so much potential, and with my help, you will become our most feared warrior," Sael leaned in closer to Gorden and pondered. Sael ran his claws through Gorden's golden brown hair.

"Don't Touch ME you BEAST!" Gorden shrieked at Sael, which made him retract his hand in surprise.

"Beast?" Sael laughed, "Oh Gorden, soon you will be a BEAST too," Sael grabbed Gorden's left hand and removed his wedding ring.

"HEY!" Gorden shouted, his eyes lit up with fire.

"Oh, is this, special to you," Sael mocked as he put the ring on the supply table next to the syringes. Sael lowered his head and looked Gorden in the eyes. "You have the same eye color as me," Sael stated, admiring Gorden bright green eyes. "Green is a good color," Sael

complemented Gorden and looked down at the supply table. Sael grabbed the syringe that contained the pain reliever and brushed it across Gordens' firm neck, this made him shiver. Sael carefully pushed the syringe into Gorden's neck and injected the pain reliever. Gorden tensed up and waited in terror for the transformation to start. Sael laughed when he saw Gordens facial expression. "That was the relief of pain," Sael's laugh died down to a chuckle. "This," Sael held the other syringe up to Gordens' face, "Is the virus," Sael squeezed Gorden's right arm and prepared to inject the powerful virus into him.

"WAIT! Wait! wait!" Gorden's pleas made Sael stop, the syringe was just inches away from his arm. Sael looked down at Gorden and asked.

"Why are you afraid of this? It will only make you stronger," Gorden stared at the syringe in fear. Sael once again brought the syringe down to Gorden's arm. "AND NOW, I GIVE YOU MY HONOR!" Sael said his words proudly. Gorden closed his eyes and turned his head. Sael pushed the syringe into Gordens arm and dispensed the virus. Gorden cringed, he could feel a burning pain slowly crawl up his arm. The virus slithered through his chest and crept into his heart. Gordens' heart began to beat irregularly, quickly pumping the virus all throughout his body. Gorden twitched and bared his teeth, it felt like his blood was on fire. Gorden groaned as his insides started to change. It felt as if someone was groping his organs. Gorden continued to struggle and moan in pain as the time flew by, but he still retained his human body. Sael looked at his clock, it had been five units, Gorden should have turned three units ago. Sael walked around Gorden and came up behind him. Sael reached down and squeezed Gordens' abdomen, earning a gasp from him. "Can you feel it, stirring inside of you, it wants to take over, why are you fighting it?" Sael asked in a seductive voice as he wrapped his other hand around Gorden's jaw. Gorden fought the virus for as long as he could, but eventually, it consumed him. Gorden started to scream in anguish. The pain grew worse and worse, almost causing him to throw up. Gorden could feel his bones crunching and growing forming the sangheilian bone structure. Gordens body started to pack on muscle as his transformation continued. Gordens under shirt stretched and tore as his chest and shoulder muscles bulged. Every second seemed like an hour for Gorden. By now, Gordens lower body had been replaced with an elite's body and the change was creeping up his neck.

"Noooooooooooooo!" Gorden shirked, his voice had already taken on a deep tone. Many thoughts raced through Gordens mind as the final changes rearranged his head and face. But one horrid thought kept replying in Gordens mind.

Gorden kicked the door in to his house and walked inside with his plasma sword drawn. He sniffed the air and he could smell fear. Gorden followed the sent down the hall to his bedroom. Gorden could smell the pungent odor of a human on the other side of his bedroom door. Gorden used his strong legs to kick the door in with ease. There standing before him was Samantha, armed with a handgun. However, she only got a few rounds off before Gorden plunged his plasma sword into her gut. She looked up at the monstrous black elite and stared into his green eyes. Samantha let out a soft cry when she realized who the elite was.

"Gorden," Samantha uttered his name before sliding off his plasma

sword and falling to the ground in a bloody heap. Gorden laughed darkly at Samantha before he started to look for Austin. Gorden left his bedroom and walked down the hall to Austin's door. Gorden grabbed the door handle to Austin's bedroom and tore it off. Gorden slowly opened the door with one of his large claws. Gorden smiled wickedly when he saw Austin sitting on his bed waiting patiently for his Father. Gorden deactivated his plasma sword and walked up to his son menacingly. Austin looked up at his Father with an innocent smile. Gorden eyes went black as slowly wrapped his hand around his son's neck. Gorden Started to squeeze the life out of Austin slowly. Austin's eyes began to tear up and his smile faded to a terrified frown. Austin started to struggle as he panicked to receive air.

"Dad," Austin called out his Father's name in an attempt to get him to stop. However, this only excited Gorden and he squeezed even harder until he heard Austin's neck snap. Gorden smiled and watched the life leave Austin's eyes as blood started to drip from his mouth. Gorden threw Austin's lifeless body across the room and he landed on the other side of his Bed with a crunch as his delicate little bones shattered. Then all of a sudden, Gorden realized what he had just done. He had just murdered his own flesh and blood, his only son! Gorden snapped out of his horrible thoughts and Guilt flooded his heart.

With one last breath, Gorden forced out his sons' name in a loud cry of torment and misery.

"AUSTIN!" Gorden looked up at the ceiling when he yelled, His eyes were blood shot.

This made Sael wince as he felt a pang of guilt in his hearts not knowing who Austin was to Gorden. After Gorden cried out, his body fell limp while he gasped for air. Tears were streaming down his face and dripping off his mandibles. Gorden's skin color had changed from peach to a black color. His muscles had tripled in size, his biceps, shoulders and chest muscles were enormous. As Gorden listened closely he could hear the rhythm of two hearts beating within his chest. Every time Gorden's hearts beat, it sent a throbbing pain throughout his body. But soon, the pain reliever kicked in and quelled Gorden's suffering. Gorden stayed still with his head hung low whining and whimpering quietly in despair.

Sael moved out from behind Gorden and slowly walked in front of him. Sael looked at Gorden with pride and amazement. Gorden looked almost exactly like Sael, except Sael was just a little bit taller and his muscles were more toned. But besides those minor differences, they looked like blood brothers. Sael could not believe the results, he stood still Staring at his new brother. Sael looked around the medical bay to make sure Rtas and Thel had not returned. Then Sael moved closer to Gorden and lifted his head up.

Gorden was still weeping quietly, with his eyes half open. Sael inhaled Gorden's sent again. Now he no longer had the sour pungent smell of a human, but rather, the bold musky sent, that of a sangheili. Sael then did something Gorden did not expect, he leaned in and nuzzled him with affection.

'Hush now, it is over," Sael's soft words comforted Gorden and stopped his sorrowful cries. Sael looked into Gorden's bright green eyes and

he started to shed tears of joy. Sael compassionately pressed his head against Gorden's and spoke gently to him. "Welcome, to your new family, Brother,"

6. Chapter 6

FAILURE

By Kool Killer

EARTH, WASHINGTON 8/4/2540 5:37pm

Austin ran as fast as his little legs would let him. His heart was pounding inside his chest, only making him run faster through the forest. He did not have much time left to hide from his best friend, Shawn Yarnell. Austin had told Shawn to count to thirty, but Austin knew Shawn better than that; he would be skipping the odd numbers. Austin ducked and maneuvered past tree branches, desperately looking for a nice hiding spot. Then, opportunity presented itself in the form of a small cave covered by brush. Excited by his findings, Austin got on all fours and crawled into the small cave without a second thought.

Austin suppressed a laugh when he heard Shawn call out for him.

"You're only making this harder than it needs to be, I'm gonna get you Austin!" Shawn huffed, a little winded from searching for his buddy. But there was something Austin was not aware of. Not only did Shawn skip the odd numbers while he counted, he had peaked through his hands too as Austin was running away. Shawn knew Austin was hiding somewhere in the area. Austin held his breath when Shawn walked past the opening of the cave. "Austin, your mom needs you for something," Shawn said aloud as he stopped three feet past the cave. Shawn looked back at the small cave and smiled mischievously.

Austin slowly released his breath, laughing inside his head. Shawn had used the, Oh your MOM needs you trick, but Austin wasn't going to fall for that. Austin listened carefully for Shawn. Upon hearing he was no longer outside the cave, Austin prepared to leave his hiding spot. Austin crawled up to the opening of the cave and carefully poked his head out. Austin glanced to his left and right before he exited the cave. Austin stood up slowly and started to run to a new hiding spot. However, before Austin could make his escape, he fell victim to his attacker.

Shawn jumped from the top of the cave and landed on Austin, taking him to the ground.

"Found YOU!" Shawn shouted at Austin, then he got up and helped Austin to his feet.

"It isn't exactly fair when you skip half the numbers and PEAK, you fart face," Austin pouted, shoving Shawn away. Shawn smiled and shoved Austin back.

"The reason why I cheated was to speed this game up fart knocker, its DINNER TIME." Shawn explained, gesturing at his watch.

"Oh, that's right," Austin agreed after his stomach growled at him.

"Come on, let's GO!" Shawn ordered cheerfully. The two boys started to walk back to Austin's house, playfully pushing each other back and forth along the way.

The sun started to set on the two tots, casting the sky in heartwarming colors. After a while of walking, the two boys found themselves in Austin's back yard. Both Austin and Shawn began to walk across the lawn towards the sliding glass door that was left open. However, the boys stopped suddenly when a tantalizing aroma entered their noses. Austin and Shawn looked at each other with excitement as they knew what the delicious smell was.

"DOUBLE BACON CHEESE BURGERS!" both Shawn and Austin shirked in enticement while they ran into the house. Samantha was inside prodding the hamburgers with a spatula. The burgers hissed and sizzled at Samantha when she flipped them. Samantha had heard the boy's excited cries from outside, and she knew what they wanted.

"All right boys, sit down at the table and get ready, for burger madness," Samantha had barely finished her sentence as two hungry souls slammed their bottoms down on the kitchen chairs. Samantha started to slap cheese and bacon on the patties, almost instantly the cheese melted finely over the burgers. Shawn and Austin watched Samantha like a hawk while she made the final preparations. Both of the boys had plates with buns on them. The buns were open and all the condiments were lying neatly over the buns. Fresh tomatoes, crisp lettuce, crunchy pickles, sweet onions, mayonnaise, ketchup and mustard littered the buns. Most children disliked vegetables on their burgers, but Shawn and Austin had more advanced palates and they could appreciate all foods of any kind, unless it was something really nasty, like blue cheese or Limburger cheese. Shawn and Austin grinned wildly at each other while Samantha combined the single bacon cheese burgers transforming them into double bacon cheese burgers.

Samantha put the double bacon cheese burgers on a plate and approached Austin and Shawn who were shaking excitedly. Samantha stopped at the table and was about ready to serve the two boys, but she pulled the plate of burgers back in a quick and graceful manner. "You know, I don't think you two deserve these burgers, I'd better save them for Gorden," Samantha sighed, her words carried a humors tone.

"NO! We totally deserve these burgers," Shawn pleaded, with frantic eyes.

"Shawn's RIGHT!" Austin cried, "By the time Dad gets back the burgers will have spoiled anyway," Shawn shook his head in agreement with Austin.

"What, you two don't like hamburger spoils?" Samantha questioned, forcing down a laugh. Both Austin and Shawn shook their heads at Samantha as if she had just betrayed all of humanity. Samantha chuckled, then she brought the plate back and set it on the kitchen table. She used a spatula to supply Austin and Shawn with mouthwatering double bacon cheese burgers. Austin and Shawn in a

lightning fast motion, slammed their buns together completing the epic burgers.

"Thanks mom!" Austin nearly shouted as he started to assassinate his food.

"Yes, thank you so much Mrs. Bookduh!" Shawn thanked Samantha as if she had just saved his life. Samantha snickered and tussled both Austin and Shawn's hair.

"Oh you boys are welcome," Samantha replied with delight. Samantha then secured herself a cheese burger. By the time Samantha had sat down to eat her burger, Shawn and Austin were halfway through theirs. The burgers were cooked perfectly. All the juices were sealed inside the patties giving the burgers that smoky taste. After much lip smacking joy, Austin, Samantha and Shawn had finished their divine cheeseburgers. They all leaned back in their chairs, sighing happily.

"That was so good mom," Austin complimented Samantha while he wiped ketchup off his lips.

"It was pretty good, but I still think your father makes them better," Samantha replied while she collected all the empty plates. Samantha walked the plates over to the kitchen sink and set them down inside the sink. Samantha then turned and faced the two satisfied boys. "All right Austin, I think it's time we took Shawn home," Samantha said while she looked at the kitchen clock, it read seven thirty one. Both Austin and Shawn wanted to pout, but they knew they had school in the morning. Austin and Shawn got up from the table and walked out the door with Samantha.

A Short time later, Austin and Samantha walked into their house. Samantha closed the door and immediately turned her attention to Austin.

"All right little man, you know the drill," Samantha pointed to the bathroom.

"Yes mom," Austin replied, then he walked into the bathroom and started to brush his teeth. Austin brushed his teeth vigorously, killing the bacteria that would cause painful cavities. Austin finished brushing and rinsed his mouth out with water. Austin left the bathroom and walked down the hall to his mom and dad's room. Samantha was sitting at the computer with a nervous look on her face. Austin walked over to Samantha and climbed up onto her lap.

"What's wrong mom," Austin asked, looking up at his mother.

"Gorden hasn't called yet," Samantha said, checking the recent received calls list.

"Don't worry mom, dads probably doing some late work around the ship," Austin gave Samantha a positive answer. Samantha looked down at Austin and smiled.

"Your right Austin, he's probably busy right now," Samantha responded, hugging Austin tightly.

"Dad will call tomorrow for sure," Austin's words had a comforting

effect on Samantha.

"Come on Austin, it's time for bed," Samantha picked Austin up and carried him to his bedroom. Samantha set Austin down gently and tucked him into bed. She leaned in and kissed her son on the forehead. "Goodnight Austin, sleep tight," Samantha rubbed Austin's hair for a moment or two before she walked out of his room and disappeared down the hall. Austin smiled and closed his eyes. Soon Austin drifted into a pleasant sleep. Little did Austin know, he couldn't have been more wrong about Gordens' predicament.

Author's note: I would like to thank all who have reviewed so far. Be sure to point out any mistake I make in your reviews, remember, I can only excel as a writer if you help me to do so. GET THOSE REVIEWS IN SOLDIERS! Unless you wish to suffer the same fate as Gorden, hmm, I don't think that names going to work anymoreâ€!

7. Chapter 7

FAILURE

By Kool Killer

The Unyielding Triumph, Covenant cruiser 8/5/2540 2:07pm

Never ending screams could be heard, echoing through the halls of the Unyielding Triumph. The screams eventually turned into mighty roars. By now, almost all of the humans had undergone their transformations, all except two. One pilot and one corporal were all that remained of the humans.

Sael could see the two humans in their holding cell. One of the humans was feeling the plasma barrier; looking it over with his light brown eyes while scratching his black hair. The other human with sandy blond hair and blue eyes was sitting in the back of the cell, staring at the ground. Sael smiled and looked away from the security camera screen. Sael turned his attention to the two proud shipmasters that had helped him turn almost all of the humans, besides the two he had just been watching. Sael nodded to Rtas and Thel.

"I think it's time for the corporal and the pilot to join our ranks," Sael grinned at Thel and Rtas. Both of the shipmasters smiled wickedly back at Sael, their teeth were glistening with saliva.

"Yes, yes it is," Thel replied, with humor dancing off his words.

"It is cruel to keep the humans waiting Sael," Rtas chuckled and clicked his two mandibles together.

"Come then brothers, let us keep them waiting no longer," Sael stood up from his hover chair and left the bridge with Thel and Rtas following close behind.

James continued to feel the plasma barrier for any weaknesses, but deep down, he knew it was pointless. The only way they would be getting out would be if someone helped them from the other side. But James doubted that the two elite guards at the end of the hall would

just stroll over and release them. James huffed and kicked the plasma barrier, after that he turned around. James looked at Blake for a couple seconds, then he took a deep breath and sighed.

"We got to get the fuck out of here man," James said his words casually.

"Yeah, but, what can we do?" Blake answered back, lifting his gaze from the ground to meet James' depressed eyes. The two buddies looked away from each other and pondered. James stared back at the cell entrance. Across from their cell was another that was once filled with service men and women, James shuddered. Even though the screams had stopped, James could still hear their wails of agony replying perfectly inside his mind.

"Fuck it," James cursed out loud. Then he walked over to Blake and sat down next to him.

"What do you think they did to the captain, and Gorden?" Blake asked, unable to look James in the eyes again. James thought about what he would say.

"Well that huge black shark of an elite said they would undergo a transformation, I didn't like the way he laughed about it," James paused and looked over at Blake before continuing. "Those goddamn elites better not have hurt Gorden, or our captain, because if they did, I'm going to kill every last fucking one of them," James breathed out through his nose. He knew his threats were empty. Whatever happened to Gorden and Dwain would soon happen to them too, unless?

James stood up suddenly and walked over to the cell entrance. James leaned to the left of the plasma barrier and made eye contact with both of the elite guards that were on the far side of the large hallway. Both of the guards sneered evilly at James. James slowly backed up and turned around to face Blake.

"What is it James?" Blake asked confused. James was silent for a little bit, then he grinned at Blake.

"I think I know how we can get out of here," James said as his grin turned into a big shit eating smile.

"How?" Blake asked, really confused now.

"Just follow my lead man," James ordered. Then he walked back over to the cell entrance. Blake got up and stayed close behind James. James once again leaned to the left of the plasma barrier and made eye contact with the elite guards at the end of the hallway. James waved at the elites to draw their attention his way. Then he smirked back at them. "How's it going you fucking baby killers?" James hollered their way with his hands near his mouth to amplify the effect. The elites did not respond. Instead, they turned their heads in annoyance. "HEY FUCK FACES! I'm talking to you two RETARDS! Both of the elites snapped their mandibles in frustration.

"SILENCE HUMAN!" the guard on the left shouted right back at James. The guard on the right spoke up too.

"You will hold your FITHLY tongue HUMAN, or we shall wrench it from

your unholy mouth!" the elite on the right bellowed. James laughed back at the elites, trying their patients.

"I would like to see you two FAGS try to come over here and do that, YOU SHAMLESS FUCKS! James screamed his challenge at the two elite guards. Both of the elites cocked their heads sideways. Then they started to take large strides down the hall towards James and Blake's cell. The elites were moving more quickly than James would have liked them too.

"What have you done JAMES? Now they're going to kick our ASSES!" Blake voiced his concerns loudly. James looked back and placed a hand on Blake's shoulder.

"No man, it's okay, we can just run past those big fucks," James jerked his head to the cell entrance, signaling Blake to get ready to run. A moment later and the two large elites were standing in front of the cell the two trouble makers were in.

"We shall teach you two humans a stern lesson," One of the guards chuckled while he flexed his big muscles. The other guard was clenching and unclenching his claws.

"Indeed, it would seem your parents had no honor, otherwise they would have raised you better as younglings," The second elite laughed darkly as he started to enter a code into the control panel. A chirp was heard from the control panel, then the plasma barrier deactivated with a swoosh. In the blink of an eye, James and Blake darted out of their cell and sprinted down the hall to the brig exit. Both James and Blake were running as if they had just been caught with their hands in the cookie jar. The two elite guards roared and chased after the fleeing humans. It didn't take long for the two elite guards to catch up to the escapees.

James and Blake could hear two elites stomping their armored hooves directly behind them. But that was okay, since James and Blake had reached the brig exit. The doors to the brig opened quickly. James and Blake went flying out of the brig. Then they took a sharp right corner. Unfortunately, they were not paying attention to what was in front of them. But instead, they were looking back at the two elite guards that were still in pursuit, snapping their mandibles angrily. James and Blake slammed into a solid object, stopping them dead in their tracks.

They both stumbled backwards thinking they might have hit a wall in their carelessness, but that was not the case. James and Blake looked up in sheer surprise at shipmaster Sael Yersen'ee. Sael was just as surprised as the two little humans. Before they could attempt to run past Sael, he scooped up the two small humans in his massive arms. Sael then pressed the two humans against his muscular chest and shook them violently. Sael was shaking them the way a pit bull would shake a ragdoll. It only took a couple of seconds; James and Blake were incapacitated by Sael's might.

"Well well," Sael chuckled. "If I had known you humans would be so eager to join us," Sael lowered his head and smirked at James and Blake. "I would have come much sooner," Sael growled and gave them both a tight squeeze. James and Blake were both completely stunned and disoriented by Sael's excessive force. Sael looked directly at the two sangheili guards that were supposed to keep the two humans in the

cell block.

"It is my fault shipmaster, their tongues were wicked, I thought they needed to be punished," The first guard bowed his head in shame. Sael thought about scolding the young guards, but let it go.

"Worry not brothers, they will be punished, and now since there are no more humans to guard, you may retire for the day," Sael smiled at the two guards.

"My eternal thanks shipmaster, you are far too lenient," Both of the guards bowed their heads again then quickly walked away. Sael turned and faced Thel and Rtas with the two humans in hand.

"Let us proceed to the lab brothers, so we may finish what we have started," Sael walked past the two shipmasters, signaling them to follow.

The three shipmasters entered the medical bay with James and Blake. Sael was surprised to see a medical officer standing at attention. The sangheili had light brown skin and amber eyes. He wore standard medical clothes.

"Greetings shipmasters," The medical officer bowed his head respectfully. The three shipmasters bowed their heads as well.

"And who might you be?" Sael questioned the Sangheili.

"My name is Bura Riyane'ee," He gave the three sangheili a friendly smile.

"Yes, now I remember, the prophets sent you to assist us, yes," Sael said happily.

"Indeed brother, I have figured something out that you might be quite pleased with," Bura smiled smugly at the two humans.

"Oh, what have you figured out Bura," Sael asked dropping the humans down to their feet. James and Blake had been so stunned by Sael submissive move earlier that they collapsed on the ground, as their legs gave out. They both lied still, not daring to move a muscle. Bura chuckled at Blake and James before answering Sael's question.

"I have figure out a way to make the sangheili gene altering virus airborne," Bura's mandibles twitched.

"You are joking, are you not?" Sael asked, not believing his ears.

"Indeed I am not Sael, shall we see for ourselves," Bura frowned at the two humans.

"Yes, yes brother, of course!" Sael was getting rather excited. If what Bura says is true, turning humans into superior sangheili would be much more efficient, rather than injecting them one by one.

"Which human would like to try the gas on first?" Bura asked, eyeing both the humans up. Sael reached down and grabbed James by his

shirt.

"This one," Sael narrowed his eyes at James.

"Alright Sael, let's get him into the gas chamber," Bura nodded to the decontamination chamber.

"But that is for exterminating viruses, not spreading them," Sael told Bura with a hint of confusion.

"This is true, but I have altered it to work differently, you will see," Bura sighed joyfully. Sael wasted no time; he walked into the chamber and set the corporal down. James tried to get up but he was weakened from Sael's attack at the brig. Sael walked back out of the chamber. Bura closed the chamber right after Sael left. Sael moved over to Blake and picked him up, then walked him back to the chamber. Sael set Blake down on his knees and held his head up to the window of the gas chamber. Blake could see James in the chamber; his hands were pressed against the glass. A scared look was present on his face.

"Don't do this to him, it's not right!" Blake yelled at the Evil elites. Sael squeezed Blake's shoulders then replied back.

"But it is right," Sael laughed deeply. Sael looked over to Bura and nodded. Bura smiled and activated the chamber. Vents opened on all sides and then a clear pink gas was seen filling the chamber. James barred his teeth and held his breath. James was able to hold his breath for a whole two minutes, but finally his body forced him to gasp for air. This was a mistake, James immediately hit the ground and started to convulse. He was on his hands and knees gagging on the gas.

"Get him out of there, Please!" Blake begged Sael as tears began to run down his cheeks.

"But we will miss the show," Sael laughed wickedly. Much to Sael's disappointment, the chamber filled up with so much gas that he could no longer see the occupant inside. The screams from the inside of the chamber had ceased, and all was quiet. Sael released his grip on Blake and took a step back. Blake looked back at Sael with the how could you do this look. Sael looked down at Blake and gestured for him to get closer to the chamber. Blake slowly worked his way up to the chamber and tried to see through the gas. Suddenly, a large clawed hand slammed against the window. Blake gave a startled yelp and fell backwards. Then he quickly crawled away.

Bura turned off the gas and began to vent the gas from the chamber. As the gas cleared the figure became more visible. The figure inside the chamber was three times the size of his original form. Finally the all the gas was vented and the door to the chamber opened. What was left in the chamber was not a small human, but a huge sangheili.

"Success," Bura laughed loudly, as Sael, Rtas and Thel joined in. Blake was the only one who was not laughing; he only looked on in dismay. The four sangheili stopped laughing and turned their attention to Blake.

"Would you like to see your friend?" Sael asked Blake. Blake did not

answer Sael, but he got up and slowly advanced over to James. Blake looked back at Sael. Sael smiled and gave Blake a waving motion, encouraging him to continue. Blake continued to walk to James. Now Blake stood at the entrance to the gas chamber. James was now a huge elite, his skin was still a light brown color though. James was on his hands and knees breathing heavily. Blake mustered up all the courage he had left and called out to his buddy.

"James?" Blake asked barely above a whisper. James snapped his head up in Blake's direction and stood up immediately. James inhaled deeply letting his chest expand. Then James gave Blake a bone chilling roar. Blake flinched and stepped back. "James, don't you remember me?" The huge elite sprang up to Blake in an instant. Blake was looking into James' bloodshot eyes. His irises still had the light brown color but there was also a hint of gold now. James looked like he was about ready to tear Blake into bloody pieces, until Blake called his name out again. "James," Blake said his name with sorrow. James snarled slightly but relaxed his posture so he was less threatening. For just a moment, Blake could have swore that James knew what had happened to himself, but that soon passed. James leaned his snout down to Blake's neck and inhaled his scent. Then James' mandibles twitched and a feral look shot across his eyes. James roared again and pounced on Blake. James flared his mandibles and sunk his fangs into Blake's neck.

Sael flinched in shock and prepared to attack James but Bura stopped him.

"No Sael, do not interfere, He is not killing him," Bura said, smiling sinisterly. Sael looked back at James and was half expecting him to be tearing Blake's throat out, but he wasn't. Instead he was licking Blake's neck attentively, gently lapping up the remaining blood.

"What?" Sael questioned, in bewilderment.

"Humans that are turned by the gas can infect other humans with the virus," Bura finally fessed up to his secretive knowledge.

"Well, uhm, this is quite different from my previous experiments," Sael said as he turned his attention back to James and Blake.

Blake could not remember what exactly had happened. He felt a warm tongue carefully licking his neck. Blake knew this was all wrong, but it felt so good. His whole body was warm and his heart ached with joy, am I high, Blake thought to himself. Blake tried to get up but a large clawed hand held him down gently. Blake opened his eyes and he was met with James' reptilian gaze. With the way James was looking at him, Blake thought he must have been high too. James picked Blake up with caution and held him close in his strong arms. James then turned and looked at the three flabbergasted sangheili, Bura was not fazed though. Bura walked up to James and gave him a welcoming smile.

"Is this your brother, Hmm?" Bura asked James in a peaceful tone. James shook his head up and down, then he growled. His growl slowly turned into a purr. Sael, Rtas and Thel Stood there quietly with the WTF expressions on their faces. Bura knew just what to do. "Come now brother, and lay your friend on this comfortable bed," Bura patted the soft bed. James walked over and placed Blake down on the bed with ease. "And here's your bed," Bura placed his hand on another bed that

was right next to Blake's. James nodded appreciatively and lied down too.

Within minutes, both James and Blake were fast asleep. Sael stared at them for the longest time before speaking.

"Bura, I don't mean to sound ungrateful, but, why was the corporal so accepting of his transformation?" Sael asked with curiosity.

"Because it was instinctual," Bura replied.

"Hmm, are there any negative side effects when using this gas over injections," Sael clicked his mandibles together.

"The only down fall of using the gas is that the hosts will be more primitive, and less civilized," Bura responded, then continued. "But it is not a problem, with these ones, we can retrain them to pass as ordinary sangheili, but, they will be far from ordinary,"

"Will they require memory suppressants?" as soon as Sael had finished his question Bura shook his head.

"You will not need to use memory suppressants, since for them, it would seem normal, does this make sense?" Sael shook his head in utter confusion.

"No, I'm afraid I do not understand," Sael replied a little embarrassed.

"It is all right, we have all the time we need," Bura responded.

Sael looked back at Blake and he noticed the veins around his neck were starting to turn purple.

"So," Sael said walking up to Blake. "He will turn into a sangheili as well?"

"Yes, but it will take a while, however, these two will share an unbreakable bond," Bura gestured to James and Blake. "Wherever they go they will be able to communicate with each other, it's as you would say, telepathic," Bura smiled.

"We should take a break and continue this conversation tomorrow," Sael said as he yawned.

"Absolutely shipmaster, we are in no rush at all, the prophets are giving us all the time we need," Bura bowed his head then left the medical bay.

"Well shipmasters, I bid you a goodnight," Sael told Rtas and Thel, and then he bowed his head.

"As do we," Thel and Rtas replied, bowing back at Sael. Sael left the medical bay and began to walk to his room. As much excitement as this day had brought, he had still not forgotten about Gorden. Sael reached his room and entered his door code into the reader. Sael stepped inside his quarters and closed the door. Sael immediately went for his bedroom door and opened it. Gordens' massive form was

lying on his bed resting peacefully. Sael walked over to him and used one of his large claws to trace Gordens' mandibles.

"You look tired brother, it is something we share in common as of now," Sael yawned again and left Gorden. Sael exited his bedroom and went straight into his living room. Sael walked over to his couch and dropped down on it. Sael didn't bother taking his amour off; he just closed his eyes, and succumbed to slumber.

End
file.